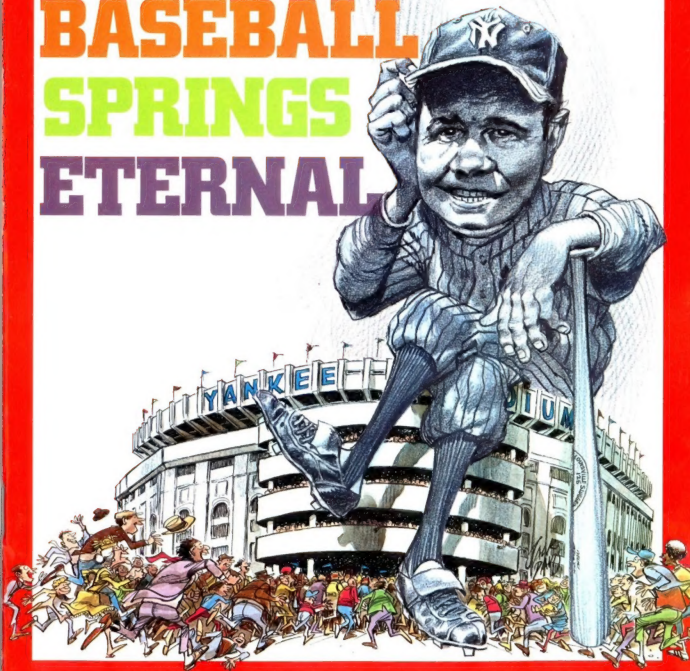


TIME

BASEBALL SPRINGS ETERNAL



**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never
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16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75



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Gloria Giannini, Supervisor, Employment Administration
Cheshire-Pond's Inc., Greenwich, Connecticut

"My job requires extensive contacts with people every day, and I have to be able to deal effectively with them at all levels, both individually and in groups. The Dale Carnegie Course has helped me tremendously—I feel more at ease in talking with people, and the confidence I gained in the Course increased my effectiveness in helping them with their problems. The Course has even helped me in my relationship with my daughter. I feel I have gained life-long benefits."



Dennis Egl, Manager
Jack-In-The-Box Restaurant, San Mateo, Cal.

"Supervising a lot of people made me realize the importance of developing good relationships with them. After taking the Dale Carnegie Course, I feel I'm a better man in that respect. I'm more understanding of their problems and feelings. Now I listen more patiently. I have more self-confidence working with young people who need supervision. And I communicate more effectively with our top management. I feel I'm better prepared for future promotion."

They all agree: the Dale Carnegie Course gave them the benefits they were looking for.



Catherine Jenkins
Dept. of Health, Education & Welfare, Washington, D.C.

"The Course gave me a much stronger feeling of self-confidence. As a result, I developed the courage to do things I wouldn't have attempted before. Now I use more initiative, and this has led to several promotions. The Course has definitely helped me to find new interest and enjoyment in my relationships with my family, my neighbors and the people I work with."



Robert R. Wright, Vice-President
Moody International Inc., Dublin, Ohio

"I've always gotten along well with people, but I didn't feel completely at ease with them until I took the Dale Carnegie Course. It increased my self-confidence and made me more appreciative of the needs and viewpoints of others. I'm now more comfortable, especially when working with our employees, because I have more confidence in my ability to get good results. The Course has given me a feeling of greater accomplishment and I enjoy it."

The Dale Carnegie Course offers a wide range of benefits. Among them are: increased self-confidence; the ability to get along better with people; and learning to express your ideas more convincingly. Find out more about this specialized training, offered in more than 1,000 U.S. communities, including all major cities, and in 50 other countries. For information, call toll-free (800) 645-3466. In New York State, (800) 342-9833. Or write us today.



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Where majestic, towering cathedrals cry out to the heavens. And blood-and-thunder castles cry out with

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Give us two weeks of your life. And we'll give you 1000 years of ours.

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Or in this Bicentennial year, seeing Sulgrave Manor, George Washington's ancestral home, 65¢. Or Thetford in Norfolk, Tom Paine's ancestral village.

Plus so much that is absolutely free—Westminster Abbey, where kings and queens have been crowned since 1066; Canterbury Cathedral, where Becket was martyred in 1170; the glorious pageantry of the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace.



The Houses of Parliament in London. It was here that Churchill rallied a nation. And a world.

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Malcolm Hereford was an inventive and crusty old hedonist who made his fortune breeding bulls.

A stubborn man, he did things to his liking, regardless.

He liked "strong drink."

But not its taste.

Or its smell.

So, he did as only he would do.

He turned his considerable resources to creating drinks to please all the senses.

He succeeded with a blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits.

Each is spirited.

Each pleasant tasting.

Each pleasing to the eye.

And each smooth and light to the palate.

Once done, and with the final iconoclastic twist of wit,

he named them "COWS."

We heard of Malcolm's private "herd."

And found them to be a delicious and spirited new breed of drink.

So, with Malcolm's blessing, we've turned them loose.

Try them on-the-rocks or chilled. You'll discover one thing for sure:

A Cow-on-the-rocks is not a bum steer.



INTRODUCING MALCOLM HEREFORD'S 30 PROOF COWS.

The Spirited New Breed of Drink.

Lets you start a modest life insurance program now-with the right to add up to 7 new policies later.



New York Life's Add-on Policy.

The younger you are, the greater the probability your health is good and you are readily insurable.

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Buy a basic New York Life Policy today and for a few dollars a year extra we'll add a Policy Purchase Option.

That means you can buy seven new life

insurance policies at given times later, regardless of your health or occupation.

You might call it our Add-on policy. Even if you become otherwise uninsurable, it will enable you to acquire life insurance you need to assure your family's financial security.

Add-on. Just one of the imaginative approaches to life insurance your New York Life Agent can suggest to protect your family and your future. See him, or her, soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



A cartoon illustration of a man with a large nose and a hat, holding a book titled 'People' and a cane, standing on a path with mountains in the background. The man is wearing a suit and a hat, and he is holding a book that says 'People' on it. He is also holding a cane. The background shows mountains and birds. The man is standing on a path that leads to a small house. The word 'chemistry' is written at the bottom right of the illustration.

Pick up your week.
VL Pick up a copy today.

1

TIME, APRIL 26, 1976

Last year, aluminum can collectors picked up 24 million dollars in cash by turning in over three and a half billion cans for recycling. A tidy little bonanza! But the real bonus goes far beyond the dollar sign—each time we recycle an aluminum can, we save 95 percent of the energy needed to make new metal from bauxite. In more ways than one, recycling works.

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ligion taxable like any other lucratively profitable human activity. Then all of these parasites would go away.

James P. Murphy, M.D.
Bethesda, Md.

I found your article in need of clarification. The majority of Scientology churches now enjoy tax exemption. Their social reform activities are vast in scope and admirably effective across the world. Further, Scientology saw the last of its governmental difficulties when Richard Crossman, M.P., who chaired an extensive government inquiry into the U.K. ban on foreign Scientologists, wrote, "I have come to the conclusion that most government measures of July 1968 were not justified."

Scientology is an emergent religion of the space age with a technology of pastoral counseling of remarkable effectiveness. Its internal discipline and ethics system is in the best tradition of Buddhism and Eastern thought.

Jerry L. Simmon
Redondo Beach, Calif.

I am one of the "abandoned" anti-Scientologists. My husband left me to follow the silver platter that Scientology dangles perpetually just out of reach.

There does not seem to be a middle road. For those who have in any way been connected with that group, it's either hate or love.

Bernadette Zurbruggen
St. Louis

Catholic Decline

Poor Father Greeley does not realize the Catholic decline [April 5] has been caused by the hypocrisy of priests like him who do not inspire the flock to follow the church, who do not seem even to understand why they should. They say Christ is a nice guy to follow unless you find it too difficult, then change the rules to suit yourself.

The church cannot change its stand in *Humanae Vitae* even if 99% of Catholics disagree with it.

Janet E. Connors
Bethesda, Md.

The decline, if one may call it that, of Roman Catholicism is due mainly to the huckstering of pastors and bishops who engineered the "liberalism" of the Mass. Banjo plucking, guitar strumming and folk singing, added to the switch from Latin and the reversal of the altar, have disenchanted thousands of Catholics. While these machinations may appeal to the young, they frustrate the older people who pay the freight.

Thomas C. Gordon
Alameda, Calif.

King Lear

Norman Lear's insight on life in the U.S. is a continuous surprise [April 5]. What a healing effect he has on our bat-

The word "Chicago" in a stylized, cursive script font, enclosed within a circular frame. This frame is part of a larger decorative arrangement of seven oval portraits of various rock and soul artists, all connected by a central floral-like vine motif.

Chicago

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WSDM fm 98
STEREO

Now, with the proper guidance,
even the beginner can master the art

The Cooking of

In *The Cooking of China* you'll get just *proper guidance*. This volume from the best-selling *Focus on the World* series helps take the confusion out of Chinese dishes such as deep-fried shrimp toast, sour-and-hot soup, smoked chicken. It's brimful with easy-to-follow recipes, tested and retested in our *Focus on the World* kitchen. How-to-do-it illustrations show you how to master the basic cooking techniques. Step-by-step instructions make the most exotic dish a pleasure to prepare. Examine *The Cooking of China* and its companion Recipe Booklet free for 10 days. Read them. Work with them. Here are some of the fascinating things you'll discover:

How to Plan a Perfect Chinese Meal

There are no separate courses to worry about when you plan a Chinese dinner party. Every dish is served at the same time. And you can balance your choice of dishes so that both the preparation and the cooking are simple, orderly procedures. In *The Cooking of China* you'll find dozens of recipes for "prepare early" dishes such as braised star anise beef, plus a generous sampling of dishes such as barbecued spare ribs which require slow, un-

attended cooking. This leaves you free for chicken with bean sprouts or another favorite stir-fry dish. To guide you in your selection, you'll find sample dinner menus with dishes that offer endless variety and are easy to prepare.

How to Create a Sumptuous Meal with a Few Simple Rules

The Chinese make preparation and cooking two separate procedures. Most preparation requires chopping and should be done in advance. Many Chinese dishes are stir-fried and umami and total concentration are important. Experimentation is a time-honored Chinese tradition. Though most Chinese ingredients now are readily available in food stores, you can substitute spinach for cabbage, broccoli for bean sprouts. Chinese cooking is done with a few key utensils. But you can improvise with items from your own kitchen. You'll find out exactly how to do it in *The Cooking of China*.

Examine The Cooking of China Free for 10 Days

Enjoy *The Cooking of China* for 10 days as

the guest of TIME-LIFE BOOKS. If you decide to keep it, you pay just \$7.95 plus shipping and handling. We'll enter your subscription to *Focus on the World*, and other volumes in the series will be shipped to you a volume at a time approximately every other month. Your epicurean adventures will include *The Cooking of Italy, Germany, Provincial France*. Your guides will be famous gourmet chefs such as James Beard, Julia Child.

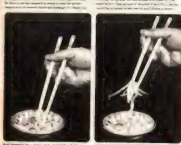
Each volume is \$7.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no club to join. Never a minimum number of books to buy. And you may cancel your subscription at any time by notifying us. If you don't choose to keep *The Cooking of China*, simply return the books within 10 days, your subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and you will be under no further obligation. Mail attached card or write to address given below.

Writing in *New York Magazine*, Gael Greene said about *Focus on the World*: "Resistance to cookbook collecting vanished... I have to have them all." We hope you'll agree. Why not begin your culinary experience with *The Cooking of China*.

Eating with Chopsticks. Focus on the World: The Art of the Chinese Kitchen. Page 104. Time-Life Books.



There are four basic ways to hold chopsticks. The first is for picking up food. The second is for holding a piece of food. The third is for holding a piece of food over a bowl. The fourth is for holding a piece of food over a plate.



Eating with Chopsticks. Illustrated above is the basic technique for using chopsticks. However, there's no one and only way to use chopsticks. Simply adjust this basic grip to one that is easy and comfortable for you.



Sculpted Vegetables. Chinese ingredients should please the eye and the palate. The illustrations above demonstrate how to make scalion brushes, tomato roses, carrot flowers, radish-radish flowers. They are served both as a food and a garnish.

This handsome 206-page book measures 8 1/2" x 11" and contains:

- 87 pages of full-color photographs and illustrations
- More than 70 authentic Chinese recipes tested and retested in our kitchen
- Step-by-step illustrations demonstrating preparation and cooking techniques
- Detailed guide explaining ingredients used in Chinese cooking
- List of the basic sauces and condiments used in Chinese cooking
- List of stores in the United States that accept mail orders for Chinese food
- Basic rules for Chinese menu planning, including sample menus
- Separate spiral-bound Recipe Booklet
- Valuable 64-page Kitchen Guide

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of Chinese cooking.

China

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Each *Foods of the World* volume comes with its own Recipe Booklet that stands or lies flat for easy use. Each Booklet has all the recipes in the master volume and more.



Using the Versatile Cleaver. The cleaver is an indispensable utensil to Chinese cooks. They use it to slice, dice, mince and chop. The cleaver can be used efficiently and safely with just a bit of practice.



Deep-Frying. The Chinese deep-fry everything from shrimp toast and *wantons* to beef and chicken. Deep-frying is done in several stages. Shown above is the step-by-step preparation of deep-fried shrimp balls.



Two Simple Wrappers. *Wantons* and egg-rolls are easy to prepare. They are filled, shaped and cooked in a variety of ways. Shown above are basic techniques for folding and filling egg-rolls and several kinds of *wantons*.

Rain Dance® lasts longer than any leading car wax.

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tered emotions. Now when his show *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* is discussed among friends and family, laughter prevails. We Irish have always known laughter is the best medicine.

Roselyn Wroten
Bowling Green, Ohio

No Sale

So the "great fanfare" didn't sell the Chevette [April 5]. How gratifying.

Their advertising must be the most aggravating TV this side of Mary Hartman's mother.

William J. Price
Houston

Two Miserable Choices

If Solzhenitsyn was right in his broadcast, you write, "the only alternative is the Apocalypse" [April 5]. This is precisely the feeble thinking that Solzhenitsyn criticizes.

As the world goes Red, you offer two miserable choices: either smile like a helpless goon or start World War III. There is another way: wake up, drive hard bargains, get tough in the U.N., act sensibly.

Gary Kern
Assistant Professor of Russian Literature
University of Rochester
Rochester, N.Y.

Will you tell Solzhenitsyn that I said for him to go home to his own country and clean it up if he thinks it needs it.

We can take care of our democracy.
Clare Stoves
East Liverpool, Ohio

Putting Down Peleg

I would like to assure Mr. Zviad Peleg, former occupation commander of Nablus and the Gaza Strip [April 5], that few people, least of all Palestinian Arabs, have any illusions about Israel's being "the wisest and best conqueror in history."

Any illusions were shattered in the first days of the occupation of the West Bank in 1967, when the Israelis razed the Arab villages of Yalo, Emmaus and Beit Nuba.

Tomis Kapitan
Bloomington, Ind.

A Credit for Kesey

I think it is rather sad that with all the Oscars won by *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* [April 12], and all the thank-yous for the golden idols, not one of the recipients mentioned Ken Kesey, the author of the novel.

Todd Norlander
Williamsburg, Va.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Something for smokers to think about.

There are cigarettes and there are cigarettes. And if you're a smoker you certainly know by now which brand you really enjoy smoking.

So what makes us think we'll ever get a crack at switching you?

Well, we're going to try.

A lot of cigarette smokers smoke menthol. But they're probably just as concerned about the 'tar' and nicotine stories that all cigarette smokers have been hearing these days.

Frankly, if a cigarette is going to bring you flavor, it's also going to bring you smoke. And where there's smoke, there has to be 'tar.' In fact, in most cigarettes, the more flavor, the more 'tar.' Except for Vantage.

You must know that Vantage cigarettes have a special filter which reduces 'tar' and nicotine without destroying flavor.

What you may not know is that Vantage is also available in menthol.

Not surprisingly, what separates Vantage Menthol from ordinary menthols is that Vantage Menthol gives you all the flavor you want, with a lot less of the 'tar' and the nicotine that you probably don't want.

Now Vantage Menthol is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll find. It may well be the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

Since you're the best judge of what you like about menthol cigarettes, don't just take our word for it.

Try a pack of Vantage Menthol and then you'll know for sure.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.



TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

Return to Growth

In its famous doomsday treatise four years ago, the Club of Rome depicted a world consuming its resources and polluting itself at a rate that—if continued—would ensure its global destruction. The only hope for global salvation was suggested in the report's title: *The Limits to Growth*.

Last week the businessmen and professors who belong to the Club met again in Philadelphia and rejected the notion of no-growth (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*). If world poverty is to be conquered and world peace attained, the Club now agrees, further selective growth is not just desirable but essential.

Some of the Club's new proposals for global controls and planning were highly questionable, but its basic turnabout was laudable. A world threatened by starvation and widening economic imbalance between nations must have development, not stagnation, of industrial and natural resources. Moreover, in an economically shrinking world without growth, political freedom would almost certainly disappear, giving way to regimes that ration not only goods but people's lives.

The Button Bottoms Out

In election year 1976, the campaign button is becoming an endangered species, set back by high costs (up to a nickel a button) and competition from other forms of political advertising. "Television has made the biggest cut into our business," laments Frank Boston, a button manufacturer in Illinois. Now orders are 5,000 to 10,000 a whack, compared with as high as 100,000 in better button days. Another manufacturer, William Crookston of Los Angeles, is pinning his own hopes on producing buttons for fast food chains to distribute to youthful customers. Future generations may well ponder what turned the nation from preserving expressions like TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO TO BUY ME—I'M A CARROT CAKE.

The Porsche Liberals

What kind of car people drive has long been considered a clue to their psyche, including their sexual fantasies. Now, would you believe it's a tip-off to their political fantasies as well?

That notion comes out of a survey of 3,500 college teachers by two political scientists, Stanford's Seymour Martin Lipset and the Univer-

sity of Connecticut's Everett C. Ladd Jr. After asking a series of questions about issues and candidates, they conclude that the more conservative faculty members choose U.S. cars (with General Motors autos favored by the most conservative of the conservative). Liberals have a greater tendency to buy foreign models.

Almost three-fifths of the foreign-car owners in the survey favored detente, but only one-third of the U.S.-auto owners did. Virtually all the Saab drivers—98%—voted for George McGovern in 1972; so did 82% of the Mercedes drivers, 80% of those with Volvos, 76% of the Porsche owners, 74% of the Volkswagen owners. By contrast, 49% of the professors with G.M. cars voted for Richard Nixon; he had been less favored by owners of Fords (40%) and Chrysler products (37%).

Lipset and Ladd observe in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* that they cannot apply the same yardstick to the entire population—highly educated voters tend to be much more fixed and consistent than other groups in their beliefs. But, says Lipset, "If I were a Democratic precinct worker and wanted to get people to the polls who are sympathetic to my candidate, I'd pick houses with foreign cars in front."

Adolf Who?

When two members of Milwaukee's lunatic fringe Nazi Party were brought to trial for ambushing a local Jewish leader, Judge Patrick J. Madden and lawyers for both sides were determined to find a jury that would not be prejudiced against Nazis. They need not have worried. Of 23 people asked if they were aware of the bitter enmity between Nazis and Jews, none referred to World War II or any of its horrors. Declared one woman, "I've heard of Nazis, but I don't listen to the news that much." Another said that she knew Nazism "was a dictatorship," but she "really couldn't say more about it." Still another juror figured that "Nazi means Communist."

The venire's ignorance of Nazi atrocities made jury selection easy. The guilty verdict that followed plainly was rooted in the misdeeds of the men on trial, not those of the Hitler followers they would emulate. Which is as it should be. Yet quite apart from the case itself, the ability of many Americans to forget, or never to know of, such a recent and outrageous chapter in history is cause for dismay. Signed Judge Madden: "Other than the term Nazi, they didn't know anything about it."



UDALL SUPPORTER IN WISCONSIN

THE MOOD

The Search

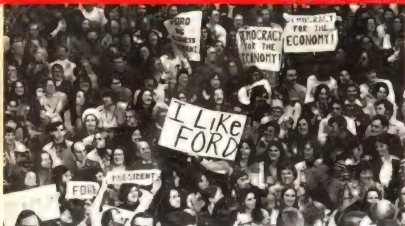
Some apathy. Considerable cynicism. A restless quest for serenity. A rising concern over spiritual and moral values. Continuing distrust of institutions, but increasing confidence in the future.

Those are among the crosscurrents revealed by the presidential primaries. Bedeviling as they may be for the candidates, the primaries serve a function beyond winning presidential contenders: they probe and test the American mood. There is in that mood a disturbing negative attitude toward politics and politicians. Princeton's Opinion Research Corp. finds that only 30% of those polled express "high trust and confidence" in "the office of the presidency," and only 20% have high trust in Congress. "We've got a disbelieving mood," observes Harry O'Neill, executive vice president of Opinion Research Corp. "People are upset about a lot of problems, and they don't give very good grades to the institutions that are supposed to be grappling with them."

To many analysts, however, the sourness is less a matter of outright hostility toward Government, politics and institutions than an impatience with turmoil in American life. After years of fighting over race, drugs, sex, Viet Nam, Watergate and recession, voters are seeking some kind of normality. "There is a hunger to get away from crisis, stridency, hysteria, a rejection of any kind of extremism," reports TIMI's public opinion analyst Daniel Yankelovich. Agrees Alan Baron, a liberal Washington Democrat: "This country wants an overall amnesty. Everybody wants to rest." To Frank Mankiewicz, a director of George McGovern's emotional campaign in 1972, the attitude toward Government now is "not so much like 'Bring



THE NATION



REPUBLICAN RALLY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE IN SUPPORT OF PRESIDENT FORD



CARTER FAN IN FLORIDA

for Someone to Believe In

us together' as it is 'Leave us alone.'"

As voters seek to escape fevered controversy, there are also positive qualities in the prevailing mood. Even though only a third of the voters tell Gallup pollsters that they are thinking "a lot" about the election, the primary voting turnout is only slightly down from 1972. Rather than abandoning politics, voters seem to be demanding more from the candidates.

The "Metaissue." "People are very much searching for someone they can believe in," observes Joe Grandmason, the 1972 McGovern campaign director in New Hampshire. This quest puts a new emphasis on intangible qualities of leadership. Contends George Reedy, the astute former press secretary to Lyndon Johnson: "The real issues in the campaign are spiritual rather than economic and social. The average American today is lost. He doesn't know what to believe, where to go, what to do." Marquette University Sociologist Wayne Youngquist calls these spiritual concerns collectively a "metaissue—an issue above issues. It involves tone, honesty, decency, truthfulness, morality, religion."

Though there is still great worry over the economy, the TIME-Yankelovich surveys show a remarkable increase this year in the percentage of voters who expect that the economy will get better rather than worse. This, explains Yankelovich, helps those candidates who "have something positive to offer" and hurts those who "articulate discontent" and project "the gloom issue."

There are inner conflicts in a mood that rejects politics-as-usual, yearns for something new but also seeks a quiescent normality. Yet some generaliza-

tions can be drawn about which candidates so far have benefited most from the emerging mood.

► President Ford is doing well because he does not incite strong feelings; seems unlikely to revive the old schisms; and represents normality. The economic recovery works in his favor, and Yankelovich's surveys show that he has won heavy support from people who are optimistic about the nation's future. He is, moreover, seen as an honest, unadorned, trustworthy man. A Ford handicap in the current anti-Washington mood is that he is considered one of the run-of-the-mill, "institutional" politicians.

► Ronald Reagan, by contrast, gains from his freshness on the national political scene. He has done unusually well for a challenger to an incumbent. President Reagan has benefited from a trend by more moderate Republicans to consider themselves independents, leaving the party more conservative than it was in 1972. Yet his pitch may well be too strident for what is widely seen as a year of moderation. He also gains his strong support from the discontented and the fearful, whose numbers are declining. The movie-star background and polished delivery have a stately quality ill fitting the current accent on candor.

► Among the Democrats, the shrillest voices are not finding much of an echo. On the left, Fred Harris has all but dropped out; on the right, George Wallace is virtually eliminated. Challenged by Jimmy Carter in North Carolina and Florida, he has failed to win even in the South. Part of the change must be attributed to his health, but it also has to do with the new mood that no longer responds to Wallace's old appeal of discontent. Henry Jackson won

in both Massachusetts and New York, but his pugnaciousness may not wear well nationally as the debate sharpens. The easygoing Mo Udall fits the nation's low-key leaning, and he is widely seen as one of the most likable and honest of all the candidates. His problem is that he remains relatively little known, is tagged as too liberal for the current voter mood and is a 15-year veteran of the unpopular Congress.

► Carter has either adroitly capitalized on the electorate's mood—or come along with natural qualities at just the right time to meet its demands. The TIME-Yankelovich surveys show that Carter, like Ford, draws most of his support from voters who are confident about America's future. The soft accent, the moderation on issues, the emphasis on "Trust me," even his fundamentalist religiosity, seem attuned to the times. "Jimmy Carter is a positive and upward and loving candidate," observes former Mississippi Republican Gubernatorial Candidate Gil Carmichael. "His spiritual issue is probably one of the best gut issues." Yet Carter's course is also hazardous. He has so stressed his honesty, freshness and reasonableness that any slip into a clear deception or another heated controversy might seem a betrayal. His "ethnic purity" remark was a precarious slip, but he seems to have weathered that mistake (see story-page 16).

► Hubert Humphrey, of course, has not yet faced a fresh test in the current mood. Always ranking high on decency and personal warmth, he is now seen as a rather comfortable old shoe—which fits the desire for serenity but not the search for new leadership. However, Humphrey is also seen as experienced in world affairs. If international concerns should arise to overshadow the economic issues amid continued recovery, the national mood would favor the most experienced veterans. Humphrey among the Democrats and Ford among the Republicans.

DEMOCRATS

Pennsylvania's Guerrilla War

Stumping the hardscrabble ethnic precincts and the fashionable ballrooms of Pennsylvania, the three most active Democratic candidates last week at times seemed peckish and anxious. All have drastically had to chop their spending and personally phone likely contributors for more aid. Congress had put them in the bind by unconsciously taking off for an Easter recess before a law reviving federal campaign subsidies could be passed (TIMI, April 12). And all three were worried that they faced varying degrees of loss in the state.

Morris Udall, whose candidacy may not survive another disappointment, was most severely handicapped by the money crimp. "Pennsylvania," he complained, "may turn out to be a busted play for me because of it." Last week he had to give up his chartered plane and his hopes of coming from behind with a TV blitz, but he did not surrender his candor. For the first time he acknowledged that the ubiquitous non-candidate, Hubert Humphrey, "has a real chance."

Scoop Jackson was desperately trying to persuade voters that he is more than a stand-in for H.H.H. Straining to discredit his chief competitor on the ballot, he even tried to suggest that Jimmy Carter's indifferent stand on the right-to-work law when he was Georgia's Governor was somehow responsible for unemployment in Philadelphia. Big labor and most of the state's party schemers were pushing for Jackson in hopes of stalling Carter and making the Pennsylvania outcome so indecisive that the real winner would be Humphrey. Locals of the Sheet Metal Workers' International Association, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the International Union of Operating Engineers and other unions were sending out mailings for Jackson, canvassing by phone and planning to field thousands of people to get out the vote on election day. Still, Jackson's early lead in Pennsylvania was becoming shaky.

Carter said he viewed the Pennsylvania contest as "Jimmy Carter against the world." He has yet to prove he can win in a big industrial state, but he hoped for a clear victory—an upset that could finish Jackson. Udall's polls showed Carter ahead. Carter's own private polls indicated that he was the most popular candidate among the three in Pennsylvania, but the voters were so ambivalent that his recently won advantage could vaporize by primary day.

Even if Carter ekes out a plurality in the statewide popular vote, as seemed likely last week, Jackson stands an excellent chance of gaining first place in the quite separate vote for delegates. Reason: the delegates are elected in 50

local races, each of which is crowded and confused, but Jackson's labor and machine allies can steer voters to the "right" choices (Of Pennsylvania's 178 delegates, 134 will be elected next Tuesday and the balance appointed later.) Thus the primary that had been billed as a dramatic Armageddon was becoming more of a diffuse guerrilla war that could yield split results.

The hand-to-hand combat was be-

local—30% of the 1,700 members are jobless—and throughout the heavily Catholic, working-class 42nd State Senate District where Woods grew up (he played violin in the high school orchestra before becoming a sheet-metal apprentice). But Jackson is less popular than the things he stands for, and Woods realizes it.

In taverns, bingo parlors and shopping centers, he greets voters: "Hi, I'm Ben Woods. Running for delegate to the Democratic Convention. Appreciate your support on April 27." He does not even mention Jackson's name unless asked. The palm card he hands out carries his own handsome picture but not



BENJAMIN WOODS (LEFT) PASSING OUT CAMPAIGN CARDS AND SIGN IN PITTSBURGH BAR

ing conducted not so much by the candidates but by their infantry—the 1,102 people who are vying for the delegate seats. Day after dogged day, these contestants were hard at work in buttonholing, doorbell-ringing, coffee-clutching campaigning. New York Bureau Chief Laurence I. Barrett followed three Pennsylvanians as they scoured for votes.

OMITTING THE CANDIDATE

Pittsburgh's Benjamin Woods, 34, works as business agent of Local 12 Sheet Metal Workers, but now he labors several hours a day for Jackson. "I get tired," he says, "of seeing the same guys getting elected to the same jobs all the time. All they do is go down there and wheel and deal." He met Jackson last June, liked him and circulated petitions in February to get on the ballot as a pledged candidate. "I agree with Jackson about nationalizing welfare. He has a fine labor record. And he's against busing. So am I."

Jackson's emphasis on reducing unemployment goes down well in Woods'

Jackson's—the Senator's name appears only in fine print. At a VFW post, an acquaintance tells Woods, "I'll vote for you because I know you, but I'm for Humphrey. Woods has a ready response: "The way to stop Carter is to vote for Jackson."

Criscrossing the district of mills and aging, tiny houses in his new white Catalina, Woods has learned that Carter is no more popular there than Jackson, and Udall is virtually unknown. Twenty-one people are contending for the 42nd's three delegate posts, but Woods has many friends. Bartenders, shopkeepers and others take his literature for display and distribution.

In the town of McKees Rocks on Pittsburgh's northern boundary, Woods listens sympathetically as Nellie King, a women's club leader, disparages all the candidates. She ends up saying she may be for Jackson, and she agrees to give out Woods' handbills. At a Giant Eagle supermarket, a woman who seems uninterested in the presidential election tells Woods he looks like a tall Kirk Douglas. Benjamin Woods (6 ft 3 in.)

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also looks like a winner in the 42nd, and if Jackson ultimately is a loser, Woods will be with Humphrey in July.

SELLING THE PERSONA

In the 40th District in Pittsburgh, where the collars are whiter and the houses larger, Charles Kolling Jr., 25, an assistant buyer for the Thrift Drug chain, is having a ball. Says he: "I've always wanted to get involved, and after '72 I was looking for a candidate I could trust, someone who would really turn us on. And I found him."

He had read about Jimmy Carter a few years ago and became fascinated. Last November he watched a TV interview with him, called his wife Lou Anne to take a look and announced that he was sold by "Carter's sincerity and intelligence." He wrote a letter offering his services. Volunteers were scarce then, and Kolling found himself both a candidate for delegate and Carter's district coordinator.

Since February politics have consumed the Kollings' evenings and weekends. They have organized primary-night parties and appeal for contributions as the results come in. On another occasion, with a few friends, they once got up at 3 a.m. and made 265 hero sandwiches that they sold for \$1.25 each to neighbors and fellow employees.

At twilight in 30° weather, Kolling stands coatless at the Northway Mall, distributing flyers that play up Jimmy Carter's picture and name over those of his delegates because the candidate's persona is the strongest selling point. "Excuse me, sir," he says. "My name is

CHARLES KOLLING ASKING FOR SUPPORT



MARY HURTIG & PAMELA REID WORKING FOR VOTES IN PHILADELPHIA SHOPPING CENTER

Chuck Kolling, and I'm running as a delegate in the April 27th primary, committed to Jimmy Carter. Appreciate your consideration."

One of the few people willing to stop and talk in the chill says she likes Carter "because he's not part of any machine," but she was upset by controversy over the "ethnic purity" statement. Kolling gives a terse paraphrase of Carter's explanation and offers to send the woman Carter literature. He points out that not only is Carter independent, but his Pennsylvania workers are too. Many, in fact, are like Kolling—young, enthusiastic and inexperienced in politics.

Later at an open house, Kolling gives a quick definition of Carter's zero-base budgeting plan. "We have to reduce some of the confusion and waste of Government by making agencies justify their spending every year." When specific answers do not satisfy a voter, Kolling falls back on the general: "We have to have a President who can set a tone, someone who can point the country in the right direction and appeal to a lot of different groups." One by one, his listeners nod in agreement.

FIGHTING CITY HALL

Across the state in the 7th District (Philadelphia's western end), Mary Hurtig is angry. A former first-grade teacher in New York City, Hurtig, 34, divides her time among her family (she and her husband, a physician, have two small children), modern dance and reform politics. The oppressive polit-

ical machine run by Mayor Frank L. Rizzo switched its support to Jackson after Governor Milton J. Shapp dropped out. Now such Udall backers as Hurtig and her running mate, Pamela Reid, 30, a college psychology teacher, are not even permitted to speak at ward meetings.

"It's offensive," says Hurtig. "We believe in primaries, not in brokered conventions. Why should Humphrey be allowed to take it without running? Why should people give their votes blind to Frank Rizzo?"

Hurtig first heard Udall last year at an Americans for Democratic Action dinner. "He was witty, so human," she recalls. "He gave me an awareness that the '60s were really over, things have changed, and the times of plenty are gone." Conveying that affection in her sprawling district is difficult. The area is more than 60% black, and many of the blacks seem committed to no one.

Hurtig and Reid campaign together. The pictures on their campaign flyer feature Udall with Charles Bowser, a black political leader who is opposed to Rizzo and supports Udall. But as Hurtig and Reid approach shoppers at a supermarket, it becomes clear from the response that Udall would need months, rather than days, to make a dent in Philadelphia. Moreover, the Udall apparatus in the city is tiny and contentious.

Each night Hurtig and Reid call at least five friends, asking each to call five others. They use lists from the 1972 McGovern campaign, in which they met. They give neighborhood children quarters for distributing leaflets. When they consider their prospects realistically, they console themselves with the knowledge that every vote they get is a blow against the local machine and an assist to Udall's survival beyond the Pennsylvania primary.



CANDIDATE CARTER GETTING THE RENEWED SUPPORT OF MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

Back from a Blunder

The remark was beginning to look more and more like an embarrassing gaffe than a fatal mistake. All last week Jimmy Carter was charmingly convincing as he reassured his many black supporters that he was still in favor of open housing—indeed that he would “fight for the right of people to move where they choose; even though they might not be welcome in the neighborhood when they attempt to move there.” It was just that he did not want the Federal Government forcing a particular “economic or ethnic” mix on well-established neighborhoods.

Forgiving Heart. But more important than Carter’s apologies for his careless words about preserving “ethnic purity” was the fact that none of his rivals knew how to exploit the issue that he had raised. In 1976 there is one quick way for a politician to trip up on the way to the White House: call upon the Government to use federal powers to get the minority groups out of the big city ghettos and into white neighborhoods.

Carter was publicly embraced by Martin Luther King Jr., who declared: “I have a forgiving heart, so, Governor, I’m with you all the way.” Detroit Mayor Coleman Young said that Carter’s apology was “satisfactory” and that the furor over his remarks was “a phony issue.” Echoed Paul Parks, Massachusetts secretary of educational affairs and a black civil rights veteran: “The majority of black people across the country are staying with Carter. Some of them are shaky, but they’re willing to forgive him. He’s got a kind of thing about him that says to them, ‘I don’t hate you. I’m not aloof from you.’ But there is suspicion. People are just waiting to see—is this a pattern? If it is, he could lose them overnight.”

White liberals appeared to be more put off by Carter’s remarks than the blacks. Says one Midwestern liberal leader: “The question is whether or not ‘ethnic purity’ is a code word, and if so,

is it calculated to lose 5% of the black vote and pick up 12% of Wallace’s support? Or was it just a blunder?”

Neither Sen. Jackson nor Mo Udall was making much of the issue last week. Udall called Carter “a fine and decent man.” When all the hairsplitting was done, the views of Udall and Jackson were so similar to Carter’s as to be virtually indistinguishable.

So far Carter is apparently having it both ways: keeping his black supporters while telling nervous whites that he would not crack their neighborhoods with forced integration. That stand could win him support next week from the many white ethnic groups in Pennsylvania.

FOREIGN POLICY

Panama Theatrics

The Panama Canal is one of those emotional foreign policy issues on which reckless politicians can sound ringingly certain about a simplistic solution—so long as they do not have to face the consequences if their rhetoric is translated into policy. Time after time in Texas last week, Ronald Reagan thundered about the canal: “We bought it. We paid for it. We built it. And we are going to keep it.” As President, Reagan vowed, he would say just that to any “tinhorn dictator” in Panama who sought to gain control over the waterway. The Reagan theatrics, designed to win him support in his dead-even showdown with Gerald Ford in the Texas primary on May 1, drew strong applause.

The fact is, of course, that Panamanians have grown increasingly angry over the 73-year-old treaty giving the U.S. ownership of the 51-mile-long canal and control of the adjoining ten-mile-wide zone that splits Panama. With much justice, they consider the treaty a vestige of outdated colonialism.

Recognizing that “the big ditch” is now more of a commercial convenience

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than a military necessity, the Ford Administration agreed last year to renegotiate the treaty. The aim was a gradual relinquishing of the present total domination of the canal and its zone by the U.S. Reagan in effect wants the U.S. to break off these negotiations. But Presidential Press Secretary Ron Nessen warned last week of the possibility of a repetition of the rioting and bloodshed that in 1964 erupted in Panama over this issue.

Lack of Candor. Diplomatic realities aside, Reagan was on solid ground in claiming that Ford’s public position does not square with the Administration’s private bargaining stance. Publicly, Ford insisted two weeks ago that “the U.S. will never give up its defense rights to the Panama Canal and will never give up its operational rights as far as Panama is concerned.” Reagan cited testimony given by Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, who is negotiating the new treaty, before a congressional subcommittee on April 8. Bunker conceded that he was under written directives from Ford that the U.S. will agree to “give up” the canal zone “after a period of time” and to yield the canal itself “over a longer period of time.”

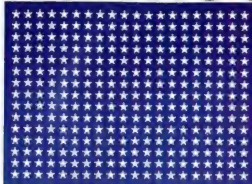
Ford may not have wished to tip off Panama to the eventual U.S. negotiating position, and he clearly did not want to confront the issue in an election year. If Ford lacked some political candor, his attitude nevertheless was much more sensible than Reagan’s jingoistic refusal even to consider that outright, unyielding ownership of the canal may no longer serve any vital U.S. interest. Indeed, insistence upon that ownership may produce only needless hostility between the U.S. and its remaining friends in Latin America and the Third World.

RONALD REAGAN IN FORT WORTH, TEX.



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HEIGHT	52.4	53.3
BODY CONST.	UNIT	UNIT
ENG. DISPLACEMENT (CU. IN.)	275.8	200 (OPT. 250, 302, 351)
COMP. RATIO	8.0:1	8.3:1 (200 CID)
BORE X STROKE (IN.)	3.83 X 3.35	3.60 X 3.126
GEAR RATIO: 1ST	7.31:1	2.46:1
2ND	1.46:1	1.46:1
3RD	1.00:1	1.00:1

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JEFFERSON ENJOYING VIOLIN DUET AT HIS HOME IN MONTICELLO (1779)

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Oh for Another Stargazing Gardener

Thomas Jefferson's 233rd birthday was hailed across the land last Tuesday. At Monticello, University of Virginia students gave him a cheer and a toast at dawn, and on the floor of the House of Representatives three scholars tried to pour a little of his wisdom into the heads of legislators, who were impatiently edging toward the Easter exit. Jerry Ford limousined over to the Jefferson Memorial to lay a wreath and claim some political kinship with the Virginian. And even one cab driver's tribute was recorded augustly by the *Washington Post*: "Yeah, I guess he was about the best we had."

Jefferson's language, thought and example shaped the American vision, and set those ideals we have been trying to reach ever since. Yet he was a man who eschewed the trappings of power, liked to talk about architecture as much as politics, did not call a prayer breakfast in times of stress and thought being President was less important than authoring the statute of Virginia for religious freedom. His legacy is not a program or an event. It is Jefferson himself.

Jefferson almost begrudged the time he had to spend in Washington to get the Republic going, defined the job of being President as "a splendid misery." He would have rather been at home studying the stars through his telescope, playing the violin and poking in the flower beds. Power and position were duties; they were way stops along the road to the real rewards of life—exploration of the intellectual, spiritual and physical dimensions of this existence.

It is probably a little unfair to hold him up to the men who are panting after the presidency today. But they have asked for it after months of their often unimaginative assaults on our sensibilities. What is striking in the comparative view is that virtually all of the candidates of 1976 have little in their lives beyond the pursuit and possession of power. The requirements of the office and running for it certainly take more of a person's time and energy today than 200 years ago. But the candidates' pursuit has become too single-minded. We get distorted leaders like Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, both men who measure life's meaning in terms of their election successes.

Before he got in the White House, Gerald Ford's world was largely the House of Representatives and the banquet halls of Republican political rallies. He was gone from home 200 nights a year, which is hardly the Jeffersonian model of family life considered so necessary for a grass-roots society.

The totality of Jimmy Carter's pilgrimage to power is its most remarkable feature. He is a man of many parts, but he has given heart, mind, soul and smile to winning the presidency. He has enlisted wife, children, sister, aunt, mother and sometimes God and Reinhold Niebuhr. There is almost no part of Carter left over for a real laugh. If Scoop Jackson has held a conversation longer than three minutes recently on a subject other than himself and politics, it has not been recorded.

One of the virtues of Ronald Reagan is that every few days he says to hell with campaigning and goes back to his ranch to ride his horses and reminisce about his old movies. (His problems have to do with what he does when he is on the political job.) Hubert Humphrey, by many measures, is at his best when he is in Waverly, Minn., reading and musing about the country's past or trolling for bass in the evening calm. If he could bring himself to announce to the world he loved Waverly so much that he was going to stay there and write and romp with his grandchildren, the clamor for him to be President might be overwhelming. He cannot do that.

Thomas Jefferson, no matter how intense the political battle or how burdensome the presidency, never gave up his other interests. Even while he governed, he thought of improving the plow he had designed, pondered the marvels of ornithology, wrote his ideas about the distillation of sea water and kept up with the new findings in meteorology. The genius of Jefferson's leadership was his insistence on a purpose in life beyond the mere possession and use of power.

CALIFORNIA

Brown: How the Guru Governs

"I represent a new political generation," says Governor Jerry Brown, "and I have struck a chord here in California. The question is how deep it is, and can it sound everywhere else?" In search of an answer, Brown, who once described the governorship of California as "a pain in the ass," is seeking the mortification of the presidency.

Already he is mortifying those aspirants who hoped to win the pot in California's 280-delegate June 8 primary. The California Poll last week found 47% of the state's Democrats leaning to Brown, v. only 15% for his closest active opponent, Jimmy Carter. The results pleased Hubert Humphrey's strategists, who count on dispersion of delegates. But the numbers did little for the Senator's ego. Brown swamped him, too.

Thus the former Jesuit seminarian with the classical world view who has been known chiefly for his studied Spartan life-style and talk about lowering expectations must be taken a bit more seriously in the Democratic scramble. TIML Los Angeles Bureau Chief Jess Cook herewith examines the Governor's record and his chances.

Brown's "native son" bid conforms to his press notices as the most distinctive politician at large. At 38, he is also one of the youngest presidential candidates of the century. Moreover, since he is one of the least seasoned, with a bare 15 months in office, a more realistic goal might be the vice-presidency. But the heady polls have persuaded him that the longer shot is well aimed.

Staffers are weighing the risks of personal appearances in other primary states where Brown is on the ballot—Maryland, Kentucky, Nevada, New Jersey—while building a skeletal national organization from such bones as Cesar Chavez's far-flung boycott network and activist church groups. Brown is considering a nationwide tour, the better to disseminate his "lower our expectations" dicta, woo uncommitted delegates and influence the polls during the pregrant convention lull.

Own Mold. To begin to judge Brown, one must ask how he has performed as Governor. He can claim a number of credits. He recruited young, toughly inquisitive, well-schooled officials cast much in his own mold—administrative inexperience included. (It also helped if a person had been a classmate of Brown's at Berkeley or Yale Law.) He hotly pursued affirmative action: the Governor's seven-person cabinet includes two women and one Chicano; one of his California state police bodyguards is Penelope Cravens, 27, a former stewardess. Helped mightily by

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a \$768 million black-ink bequest from Predecessor Ronald Reagan. Brown honored his pledge to hold the line on taxes for individuals while keeping state spending growth to sub-Reagan rates. He signed into law a backlog of Reagan-blocked measures: new business taxes, a liberalized marijuana law, a so-called Gay Bill of Rights.

But losses and lapses are also piling up. Last spring he maneuvered deftly among growers, Teamsters and Chavistas to win passage of the nation's first Farm Labor Relations Act, which established a board to manage peaceful, ranch-site union elections. The board, however, is currently in limbo. Growers and Teamsters developed second thoughts as Chavez won most of last year's 400 elections. Brown abetted their disgruntlement with ill-considered appointments.

Foot Dragging. Early this year, Brown failed in protracted attempts to solve the state's medical malpractice insurance problem, dramatized by a lengthy doctors' strike. Unaccountably, he also neglected to staff the state agency charged with weeding out incompetent physicians. With 150 other state jobs remaining vacant, many of them important, he is under fire for foot dragging on appointments.

Brown claims to bide his time selecting bureaucrats because "I have lots of doubts about the need for these jobs," only to spend hours interviewing prospects on the theory that "It's important to find people to share my philosophy about where the country is going." State

senators joke that "Jerry would need two terms in the White House just to finish choosing his Cabinet." Responds Brown, nothing if not literal minded. "I selected my cabinet very promptly."

A friendly associate concedes "As a conventional administrator Jerry is a disaster." Brown trusts few aides, often delegates by default, concentrates on the flap of the moment, and ignores matters lacking crisis or deadline pressure, explaining "the yeast hasn't risen yet."

Clearly, Brown's forte is as political educator rather than executive. He has successfully communicated—through dialectical questioning of every program, proposal and unexamined assumption—his own sense of diminishing resources, harder choices and the need to reduce reliance on government.

Lately, however, he has found that national health insurance and Government-generated "full" employment can be squared with his "era of limits." There is also rising skepticism about Brown's blend of Socratic method and Taoist detachment. "The rhetoric isn't translated into policy," complains Democratic State Senator Anthony Beilenson, who generally backs Brown. "He hasn't been an innovative governor in terms of proposing real alternatives." Snipes a Democratic official: "We need a Governor, not a guru." Brown's refreshing admissions that he lacks answers in major public policy areas help restore public faith in the integrity of government. Yet critics dismiss the results as "positive nonperformance."

The "common vision" that he promises to sketch during the campaign stresses "leaner life-styles with reduced dependence on fossil fuels and conservation of natural resources." But he has not explained how he would accomplish this goal. He has not yet taken a stand on a California ballot initiative that would effectively block future nuclear-power plants. "It's complex. I don't know if I will," he shrugs.

Not Risen. An early Viet Nam opponent, Brown is just now toeing immediate international issues. Not without stubs. He insists that "the lesson of Viet Nam is overextension of American power. We're still overextended." At the same time, he doubts that the defense budget can be cut, describes the U.S. as an easily bullied "sap" and argues that "the question is how to restore America's influence."

Yet so formidable is Brown in California today that delegate-hungry Jimmy Carter, Scoop Jackson and Mo Udall must think twice before committing their last primary dollars, hours and organizational talent to the contest. But there are signs that even many of Brown's current supporters suspect that the yeast has not risen yet. While currently preferring him to the alternatives, two-thirds of Democrats polled agreed that Jerry should get more experience as Governor before contemplating the presidency.



TYCOONS

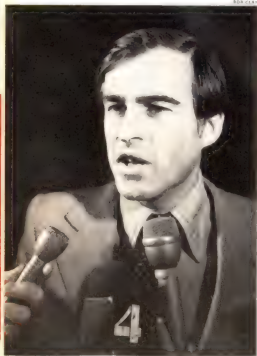
The Search for the

Even as negotiations concerning the fate of Howard Hughes' vast empire intensified last week, new and horrifying details came to light about the reclusive billionaire's last hours. The source was Dr. Victor Manuel Montemayor Martinez, 47, a leading Acapulco physician who often treats ailing tourists.

At 5:45 a.m. on Monday, April 5, Montemayor was summoned to Acapulco's Princess Hotel. As he was escorted into the opulent Jasmine penthouse suite, he was taken aback. On an orthopedic bed in a deep coma lay Howard Hughes, his emaciated, naked body covered only with a sheet. His skin was spotted with bedsores. Blood oozed from a swelling on the side of his head that had been cut open in a fall several months earlier. His blood pressure was barely recordable, his breathing was shallow, and he showed signs of severe dehydration.

The Mexican doctor was outraged at the apparently poor care given Hughes. As he worked to save the patient, Hughes' retinue seemed stunned and helpless. One of his physicians, Dr. Norman Crane, was weeping.

Hughes had been bedridden since he broke his hip in a fall in 1973, his doctors explained. An operation in London to insert a pin in his femur failed, and Hughes would not submit to a second operation. As a result, he was in constant pain and developed an addiction to codeine. He refused to take other medication or eat properly. Hughes was a despotic, cranky patient who reduced his personal physicians to the status of mere valets. Three days before his death, he went into shock, probably due to a



GOVERNOR JERRY BROWN
"The yeast hasn't risen yet."



"I don't quite know how to break this to you, but I'm afraid Mr. Hughes took it with him!"

LEFT: COUSIN WILLIAM LUMMIS IN HOUSTON

RIGHT: LABORATORY AT HUGHES MEDICAL INSTITUTE IN MIAMI

Phantom Will

stroke. As his condition worsened, his aides became gravely worried and called Dr. Montemayor. "It is not easy to say whether they would have saved his life if they had acted immediately," he said later. But if Hughes had been given better medical care earlier, Montemayor believes, he would have lived longer.

Potential Challenge. Hughes may have been guilty of neglect—in the vital matter of leaving a will. One of his personal aides, who was questioned by police in Acapulco, said that Hughes had been supposed to sign an important document, possibly a will, several days before his death, but was too ill to do so. Noah Dietrich, Hughes' former chief lieutenant, said he had seen a will, but that was back in the 1950s. Investigators began a massive dragnet search for a will, combing through Hughes' old map cases, flight bags, books and safe-deposit boxes. They looked in one box in a Hollywood Bank of America branch where Dietrich believed the will had been placed. By week's end no one had produced Hughes' last testament.

The trio of insiders who run Summa Corp., the umbrella company that controls many of Hughes' properties, had expected to find a will that left all or at least most of his estate to the tax-free Howard Hughes Medical Institute. They also expected to be named trustees of the institute and thus continue running the empire. The three are Frank William Gay, Summa's executive vice president, Nadine Henley, Hughes' longtime administrative assistant and senior vice president, and Chester Davis, an abrasive Wall Street lawyer who is general counsel.

Last week the Summa trio sought an accommodation with Hughes' relatives, who in the absence of a will stand to inherit the entire estate (after taxes, it could run \$1 billion or more). With the backing of the Summa officers, three of Hughes' closest relatives and a Nevada bank were appointed temporary administrators of his estate, estimated to total \$2.3 billion. A Texas court named his aunt, Mrs. Frederick Lummis, and her son William Lummis, a Houston attorney; a California court picked Richard Gano, another cousin of Hughes. A potential challenge to this arrangement was being set up by public administrators in Los Angeles County and Clark County, Nevada (Las Vegas); they applied last week for court permission to take over the Hughes holdings in their areas and collect taxes and commissions.

At least for now, however, the Lummises and Gano have the power to vote Hughes' shares and thus keep the empire running. By maintaining a continuity of management in Summa, they will head off possible investigations by Nevada and federal regulatory agencies into the company's Nevada TV station and casinos and Hughes Airwest. Otherwise, the regulatory agencies may well have felt obliged to conduct immediate inquiries about the new chiefs.

Evidently, the Hughes relatives appreciated the importance of keeping the empire operating smoothly until there is a final settlement. Indeed, if ever an empire cried out for effective management, it is Hughes'. A patchwork business, it was haphazardly acquired, often when Hughes was in a rush to invest company earnings that he would otherwise have been forced to pay himself as highly taxable profits.

Summa is the biggest catchall, besides its airline and TV interests, it pre-

sides over the hotels and casinos in Nevada and the Bahamas, a helicopter manufacturer, 1,200 largely dormant silver and gold mines and huge tracts of undeveloped land in Nevada and California. If Hughes' heirs are forced to raise money to pay the federal inheritance tax, parts of Summa may have to be sold off.

The future is most uncertain for the empire's other big arm: the Hughes Medical Institute, which operates from unimposing quarters in Miami. Hughes set up the tax-free foundation in 1953 and said that he would ultimately will his fortune to it. As a start, he gave the institute his Hughes Aircraft Co. The company is estimated to have earned about \$30 million last year on sales of \$1.4 billion, mostly to the Pentagon and CIA for highly advanced satellites and guided weaponry, including target-seeking "smart" bombs.

Secret Project. Not much of the Hughes Aircraft profit has gone to the medical institute. From 1964 to 1973, Hughes Medical received \$21.6 million from the company, in the same period it gave back \$8.8 million to Hughes Aircraft as repayment of a loan and spent only \$8.8 million for medical research. Until now, the IRS has not compelled it to conform to the 1969 Tax Reform Act, which requires private foundations to disburse a fixed percentage of their assets. In the wake of Hughes' death, the Government may take a much closer look at the medical institute.

Meanwhile, Hollywood will also take a closer look at the departed billionaire. Last week Warner Bros. announced that it would make a movie about Hughes, starring Warren Beatty. The project has been secretly under development for about a year under—what could be a better epitaph?—the code name "Operation Phantom."





VOLUNTEERS CLEANING UP MARKET STREET

CITIES

You Can't Heat City Hall

Sweden's ingratiating young King Carl Gustaf had traveled almost halfway around the world to visit San Francisco, and while he had a blast (see PEOPLE), he was disappointed to find that the city's legendary cable cars were out of service. The buses and trolleys were not running either. All three city museums, the zoo, the municipal swimming pools and golf courses were closed. The King could not even meet Mayor George Moscone, who had been holed up in his office in city hall for two weeks—refusing to cross the picket lines that ringed the building.

Indeed, pickets seemed to be nearly everywhere in the city. Three weeks ago 1,900 municipal transit workers walked off their jobs. They did so in support of 1,779 city craft workers (including plumbers, electricians, carpenters

two years (the most recent was a three-day-long police and firemen's walkout last August), and were ready to cope Traffic on the Golden Gate Bridge was tied up for extended rush hours but never hopelessly snarled. Some 500,000 regular users of city transportation (including thousands of schoolchildren) had to find another way to get to their destinations. Most hiked or hiked uncomplainingly up the city's hills. But more than a third of the student body was absent because some school-bus service had been curtailed. When boilers broke down, many schools went without heat. Some city fountains were overflowing because there was no one to repair them, and burst water mains went unattended. Streets were dirty, and uncollected garbage piled up.

The 30,000 city housing project residents were having the roughest time, because their maintenance men were out. Eleven of the 44 projects were without heat, hot water or both as the city's temperatures dipped to 46° F. on the coldest nights. Sarcasm aside, one crippled pensioner snarled at two picketing plumbers: "The poor babies, I really feel sorry for them, especially when I'm shivering in cold water. We have to live on \$300 a month, and these guys live on \$24,000 a year." But not all the citizenry was so truculent. One elderly San Franciscan strolling down Market Street seemed delighted. "This town is so lovely without all those noisy buses, trams and cable cars. Why, it's like it was Sunday every day."

Blackjack Games. As 300 strikers picketed city hall last week, a scuffle broke out between them and office workers who tried to cross the lines. A city worker was punched by strikers as he crossed a picket line, a municipal judge was thrown to the sidewalk, and police finally had to form a 30-man cordon to allow nonstrikers in to work. No one was seriously hurt, but three pickets were arrested.

Labor Secretary W.J. Usher dispatched James Searce as a federal mediator between the San Francisco board of supervisors and the local AFL-CIO labor council, which has called for a general strike if the bargaining breaks down. Searce's arrival so greatly cheered Moscone that he finally left his city hall office, where he had been subsisting on coffee and takeout Chinese food, sleeping on a cot, and while away late-night hours in marathon blackjack games with aides. City hall itself had been without heat during the strike, and there was no hot water in the shower just off Moscone's office. With federal help on the scene, the mayor felt that he could in good conscience go home to see his wife and four children—and take a nice hot shower.



STRIKING MUNICIPAL WORKERS OUTSIDE SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL

and sanitation men) who struck March 31 when the city froze their pay and reduced their benefits. The city wants to pay plumbers \$20,150, but they are holding out for \$21,500. Gardeners would get \$17,330 instead of the \$21,000 they want, and electricians would collect \$16,620, not the \$21,620 they hope for. City residents voted 2 to 1 last November to set the salaries of certain city employees, including craft workers, at rates comparable to pay for similar jobs in other California cities—not, as in the past, to wages paid in private industry. To add to San Francisco's misery, drivers for Yellow Cab, the city's largest fleet, were also on strike for a while. By week's end, however, their walkout was settled, slightly easing the transportation scarcity.

San Franciscans have endured two municipal employees' strikes in the past



POLICE SCUFFLING WITH PICKETS



COMMUNIST PARTY LEADER BERLINGUER



POLICE REPELLING LEFT-WING RIOTERS WITH TEAR GAS DURING CLASH IN DOWNTOWN ROME

THE WORLD

ITALY

Moving to a Shootout

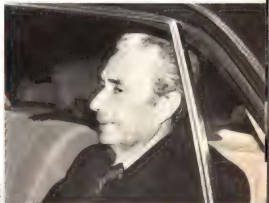
In the smoke-filled salon of a 17th century Roman *palazzo*, Italy's Christian Democrats last week battled for the future of their strife-torn, dispirited party. After five hours of tense debate, party leaders finally emerged with a plan of action, a marked change after the vacillation and near paralysis that have gripped the *governo diparteggito*, or "parking-meter government," slapped together two months ago under Premier Aldo Moro. They would make one last—and probably foredoomed—try to cooperate with the other parties on emergency economic measures. If that failed, they would have to accept the inevitability of an early election—probably this June, a year ahead of schedule. It would be an election they may well lose, but the Communists are leery of winning. Given what observers call a choice of "a gun or slow poison" (a quick, risky election or the certainty of ever-increasing Communist influence), the Christian Democrats seemed inclined to try shooting it out.

Deepening Relationship. The party's right wing, which prefers confrontation rather than compromise with the Communists, largely prevailed. Former Premier Amintore Fanfani, 68, was elected president of the party's national council, an honorary post that would give him a handy platform for the campaign. A tough scrapper, the self-styled "Tuscan Pony" likes nothing better than a tussle with the Communists, whose party organ *L'Unità* huffily described his resurrection as "partly pathetic and partly provocative." While Fanfani makes his pitch to voters on the right,

beleaguered Premier Moro, 59, and Party Secretary Benigno Zaccagnini, 64, will try to keep the Christian Democrats' left-wing supporters in line.

The Socialists have been itching for early elections because they fear the deepening *de facto* relationship between the Christian Democrats and the Communists will leave them out in the cold. Accordingly, they rejected with gusto the Christian Democrats' proffered olive branch, dismissing the offer of further consultation. Socialist Party Secretary Francesco de Martino declared, "With these Christian Democrats, it's finished. The last possibilities have been burned up." Deputy Loris Fortuna exulted, "Basta! We've cut the last rope. We're not going to let ourselves get dragged into any more rounds of yes-but-maybes or other tiresome stalling maneuvers." The Socialists are confident their stands in favor of divorce and legal abortion—two issues that have fractured the Christian Democrats and cost them votes because of their opposition—will win them more seats in Parliament.

The Communists, on the other hand, are more cautious. Though they stand a good chance of making further advances—they finished only 2% behind the Christian Democrats in last June's contest—they are wary of victory. It is not an ideal time to come to power, with unemployment, inflation and violence grimly mounting. The Communists would prefer to further their informal accommodation with the Christian Democrats, enhance their national and international respectability and ease quietly into power at a more opportune



ITALIAN PREMIER ALDO MORO
Heading for a shootout.

moment (see box following page). Asked by a colleague if he wanted to achieve the "historic compromise" in the next few months, Communist Party Leader Enrico Berlinguer replied, "You don't think we're crazy, do you? We're not about to expose ourselves to an argument with the American people in the midst of a presidential campaign. The reaction might be pathological."

What's to Come? With no government firmly in control, conditions in Italy continued to deteriorate. Inflation was running at an annual rate of 20% and unemployment at 7%. Last week the lira plummeted briefly to an all-time low of 898 to the dollar. "There is a whiff of Weimar in the air," said a Christian Democratic Deputy. The Milan stock exchange plunged to a 20-year low, and Rome's pro-Socialist daily *La Repubblica* ran the headline "THE SHADOW OF BERLINGUER OVER THE STOCK MARKET."

Confidence in government was further eroded last week when the British press disclosed that England's two largest oil companies—Royal Dutch/Shell and largely government-owned British Petroleum—had paid some \$2.5 million in contributions to the Christian Dem-

THE WORLD

ocratic coalition between 1967 and 1972. The details were largely leaked to the Italian press three years ago, and the case was sent to Parliament, where it languishes out of apathy.

The Italian picture is not entirely bleak. An improved economic growth rate is forecast for 1976, and last year the balance of payments deficit was considerably reduced from \$6.5 billion to \$1.5 billion. More tourists than ever may visit Italy because the weakening lira

will give them more for their money.

The situation in Italy has been made worse by fears of what is to come. Trying to persuade his countrymen not to "lose control of their nerves," Fiat Chairman Gianni Agnelli, Italy's most powerful industrialist, said last week: "I find absurd the panic of certain people who believe that perhaps the Communists, in the event they were to assume power, would transform Italy into a dictatorship from one day to the next. The

real problem is not what the Communists will do but what the rest of us will do. We industrialists are not running away. We invite everyone to do the same." In fact, many businessmen are fleeing to safer havens like Canada, where in 1975 20% more visas were granted to Italians than the year before. Well ahead of this spring's probable elections, Italians are voting with their feet against the massive breakdown in government.



GEORGE BALL



ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI



PAUL WARNEKE

What If the Communists Win a Role?

How should the U.S. react to the growing Communist threat in Western Europe? Last week three advisers to Democratic presidential candidates and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger tried to answer that question at a convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington. George W. Ball, a New York investment banker and former Under Secretary of State, Zbigniew Brzezinski, a Columbia government professor and onetime member of the State Department's Policy Planning Council, and Washington Attorney Paul Warnke, former Assistant Secretary of Defense, all attacked Kissinger for pursuing too rigid a policy toward the Western Communists.

Though he avoided the term, Kissinger invoked a qualified domino theory. "I believe that the advent of Communism in major European countries is likely to produce a sequence of events in which other European countries will also be tempted to move in the same direction," he said. With Communists installed in power, European nations would retreat from Western concerns, concepts and defense policies, Kissinger argued. Ultimately, NATO would collapse and the U.S. would be dangerously isolated. Domination by Moscow of Western European Communist parties is not the crucial issue, said Kissinger. Since the parties have a "Leninist" in-

ternal structure and are undemocratic, they will change the priorities of European nations.

Ball, who is advising Democratic Presidential Candidate Henry Jackson, agrees with Kissinger that Communist control of Italy or any other European country would have "terrible consequences." But he objects to Kissinger's tactics. "He is destroying our maneuverability. These public statements of doom are having a negative effect and only serve to encourage the Communists." While the Christian Democrats have grown "corrupt and flabby, almost a useless force," says Ball, the Communists have emerged as an effective party capable of finding jobs for people. They cannot be defeated, he added, by American broadsides.

Ball would prefer to bring collective pressure on the Communists. He suggests that the U.S. should work through the Common Market. Its members could quietly pass the word to Italy we will give you maximum possible support if you discourage Communism. "If not, then the Community shuts down its markets to Italy." Ball rejects a European version of the domino theory. Communist power in Italy, he says, "would frighten the devil out of other Europeans and stiffen everybody else's resistance."

Brzezinski, who is advising Jimmy Carter, would go further than Ball in accommodating the Italian Communists. He would initiate talks with them. "A common Western response designed to aid Italy in its economic-social crisis is what is needed, and that will not be obtained by public denunciations. It doesn't do us any good to go around talking loudly and carrying a weeping willow. Hectoring the West Europeans about the Communist threat simply makes the Communists more popular."

Brzezinski argues that Communism is a genuine threat only in Italy, in other Western nations, the right may prove to be more of a danger. Crucial to the future of Italy, he says, is whether Yugoslavia can maintain its independence. "We should be reassuring the Yugoslavs that we would support them. And we should make certain that the Soviets have no illusion about this."

Warnke, who tenders advice to Morris Udall, declares that he is "not prepared to say that anything is unacceptable when the prospects are that I may have to accept it. And if I considered that the alternative might be American intervention to shoot Italians in Italy, I suggest that this is not a starter." Communist power, he says, cannot be prevented by "lecturing the Italians or by sloughing off another \$500,000 to an Italian general." Warnke urges the U.S. to "adopt a cautious, prudent and certainly a very negative attitude toward Communists' coming into power in Western Europe, but we ought to do the things necessary to see to it that the phenomenon doesn't mean the end of the North Atlantic Alliance."

The criticism by the Democratic advisers was echoed in much European comment. Even conservatives objected that Kissinger was taking an unrealistic position. Privately, however, Kissinger has been known to argue that if and when Communists come to share power in, say, France and Italy, the U.S. may have to moderate its position. "But we're certainly not going to help them," Kissinger told the group, "and nothing is lost by taking this attitude and letting Europeans know it." A firm stand against totalitarian tendencies, Kissinger feels, is a sign not of diplomatic rigidity but of national strength.

PORTUGAL

Another Step Toward Democracy

Hundreds of horn-honking buses and automobiles streaked through the cobbled hills of Lisbon. From their windows fluttered red flags emblazoned with the Socialist symbol—the clenched fist. Their destination was the First of May Stadium, where some 100,000 supporters turned out last week to hear Socialist Leader Mario Soares and watch folk dancers, prancing majorettes and a blaring drum-and-bugle corps.

As Portugal prepared for its first parliamentary election in half a century, the Socialist show of strength was only one of 1,000 political rallies held in a single day—no mean feat considering the country's 8.5 million population. That the campaign was under way at all was a measure of the changes wrought in the past five months. Until the abortive left-wing coup last November, Portugal frequently seemed on the verge of a Communist dictatorship. That danger has now virtually disappeared.

With balloting set for April 25, the second anniversary of the "revolution of flowers" that overturned the right-wing dictatorship of Marcello Caetano, no fewer than 14 political parties are competing for the 263 seats in the Assembly of the Republic. Apart from the radical fringe—Trotskyites and quasi-anarchists on the left, monarchists on the right—it is not always easy to tell the parties apart. As one diplomat observed: "Socialism in its various forms, reverence to the Armed Forces Movement, the eradication of social injustice—those are like an American's apple pie. You can't afford to be against them."

The top four parties and their programs:

► **THE SOCIALIST PARTY**, led by former Foreign Minister Soares, 51, will be trying to best its impressive 38% showing in last April's election for a Constituent Assembly. Two early polls show the Socialists getting about 40%. In the past year Soares has edged the party closer to the center. Its platform advocates increased private investment, price controls, guarantees of property rights of small farmers and a new agrarian-reform program. It opposes further nationalizations.

► **THE POPULAR DEMOCRATS**, who came in second last time with 26%, advocate a mixed economy and decentralization of the Communist-dominated Intersindical labor organization. Says Leader Francisco Sá Carneiro, former Minister Without Portfolio: "We are a social democratic party, close in terms of programs and policies to the European social democratic parties in Sweden, West Germany and Holland."

► **THE CENTER SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY**, unabashedly on the right, is expected to improve considerably on its 8% tally last year, if only because it will be fielding more candidates in the 1975

balloting, ultraleftists intimidated many CDS candidates into withdrawing from the campaign. The party calls for a halt to nationalization, cutbacks in imports, and new agrarian reforms.

► **THE COMMUNIST PARTY**, chastened by last fall's abortive left-wing coup, is insisting in its wall posters that "to vote Communist is to vote for a left majority." In fact, Soares has ruled out any coalition with the Communists led by Alvaro Cunhal—or, for that matter, with the other two parties. The Communists favor worker control of factories, more nationalization (likely targets include tourism and fisheries), and a tax system in which the burden falls on the most able to pay. But the Communists are given little chance of equaling even their modest 12.5% showing in last April's elections.

The national politicking will not end when the Assembly of the Republic is chosen. Two months later, there will be a follow-up election to choose a President who, under Portugal's intricate, 312-article constitution, will share power with the Assembly and the all-military Revolutionary Council.

Because the President will also be armed-forces commander in chief and head of the Revolutionary Council, he may well be a military man. One possibility is the current President, Francisco da Costa Gomes, 61. "I am not a candidate," Costa Gomes insisted in an interview with TIME's Madrid bureau chief Gavin Scott, despite speculation to the contrary. "In every situation there is a need for new ideas and more energetic people. Another possibility is General Antonio Ramalho Eanes, 41, who vaulted from a lieutenant colonel to army chief of staff after thwarting last November's left-wing coup attempt. Asked if he was interested, Eanes told TIME: "In principle, no. If the conclusion was reached that for the country I was the least bad solution, then I would be a candidate." Still another potential candidate is Brigadier General Antonio Pires Veloso, 50, commander of the Northern Military Region and a popular figure with both the PPD and the CDS.

For the new President and the Assembly alike, the principal problem will be Portugal's economy. "We have had the devastation typical of a war, without the war," declares Premier José Pinheiro de Azevedo. Unemployment stands at 15%. Prices are rising at a rate of perhaps 25% a year. Beef, potatoes and codfish are often unavailable. Last year's trade deficit reached \$1.7 billion, and the government had to borrow nearly \$1 billion abroad.

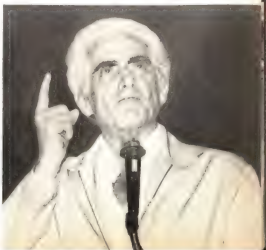
The political chaos of the past two years is not the only cause of the present troubles. Portugal was hit hard by



SOCIALIST LEADER SOARES AT LISBON RALLY



CAMPAIGN POSTERS PASTED UP IN CAPITAL



COMMUNIST CHIEF ALVARO CUNHAL

THE WORLD

the oil crisis and world recession. The old dictatorship left a 19th century industrial structure in which even the most poorly managed companies could survive by paying abysmally low wages. In decolonizing its African territories, Portugal lost its privileged access to cheap raw materials and captive markets. Instead, the country is burdened with more than 500,000 refugees, most of them from Angola.

To straighten out the mess, Portugal's new democratically elected government will have to take some tough measures that may make things worse before they get better. Basket-case industries like textile mills and electronics may be allowed to go under. Further import controls may be imposed, accompanied by a large devaluation of the escudo. "This country has to learn to work again," says Raul de Almeida Capela, a director of the Banco Português do Atlântico. After the two-year political free-for-all, that may not be an easy task.



TVERDOKHLEBOV AMALRIK



THE SAKHAROV'S (1975)

Harsh pressures, surprise punches.

SOVIET UNION

Bad Days for Dissidents

While attention has focused in recent weeks on Soviet harassment of American Embassy employees in Moscow, the Kremlin has been pressing its campaign against domestic dissidents even harder. Last week there were these developments:

■ Andrei Amalrik, 37, spent five years in prison and exile for the smuggling abroad of his book, *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?*—largely because the answer was an emphatic no. Last week Amalrik agreed to leave the Soviet Union and accept a permanent exit visa to Israel, although neither he nor his wife are Jewish. A tough and often eccentric loner, Amalrik yielded after nearly a year of harassment that began after his release. After finding the pressures "intolerable," he decided to accept the Soviet government's long-standing offer to give him a visa to Israel—but nowhere else. His decision, he said, "was not taken freely. I didn't want to emigrate to Israel or anywhere else—ever." Like many others who leave the Soviet Union, ostensibly bound for Israel, Amalrik will probably go directly from Vienna to the U.S., where he has teaching offers from George Washington University and Harvard.

► Andrei Sakharov, 54, the Nobel Peace Prize laureate and nuclear physicist, last week made it a point to travel from Moscow to Omsk, 1,200 miles away, to attend the trial of another dissident, Mustafa Djemilev, 31. The official Soviet news agency Tass claimed that Sakharov and his wife broke into the courtroom and "noisily" demanded seats. Tass went on: "The man, who turned out to be Sakharov, slapped the militia man in the face and then struck a militia major. [Sakharov's wife] joined in the fight and struck the commandant of the courtroom while Sakharov shouted, 'You bastards, here is something for you from Sakharov!'" The couple was taken to a police station. After his return to Moscow late last week, Sakharov confirmed that the courthouse incident had taken place. He said he had been provoked because the proceedings against Djemilev were "an unbearable mockery" and "savage injustice," adding he hoped officials followed up their threat to prosecute him.

► Andrei Tverdokhlebov, 36, Moscow secretary for Amnesty International, the London-based organization that investigates political repression, was charged with slandering the Soviet state. Last week he was sentenced to five years of exile in a remote region. The sentence was reduced to two years because of the year Tverdokhlebov has already spent in prison awaiting trial. Said Valentin Turchin, chairman of the Moscow chapter of Amnesty: "It was public pressure from the West that made them cut the sentence, and nothing more."



VORSTER VISITING YAD VASHEM MEMORIAL

ISRAEL

Into Africa via The Back Door

The daily Johannesburg *Star* described it as "an enigmatic embrace." Said one South African expert: "Politics make strange bedfellows and fear and loneliness even stranger ones."

That combination of politics, fear and loneliness is probably the best explanation for a blossoming friendship between Israel and South Africa. Trade between the two has multiplied from \$3 million in 1961 to \$120 million currently. Impressive mutual technical assistance programs are under way. Last year diplomatic relations between Jerusalem and Pretoria were raised to full ambassadorial level. Last week, in a striking climax to these developments, South African Prime Minister John Vorster returned home from a four-day visit to Israel bearing a major trophy: what South Africans described as "the Treaty of Jerusalem," under which economic, scientific and diplomatic dealings are supposed to increase still more.

For Vorster and his National Party, the Israeli trip came at a time when Angolan events had increased South Africa's already deep sense of embattled isolation. The Vorster government has few friends abroad as a result of its *apartheid* policies; Vorster's most recent official calls have been to Paraguay and Uruguay, two of Latin America's military dictatorships. Thus a trip to Israel was especially exhilarating, particularly since Afrikaners consider Israelis much like themselves—pioneers surrounded

by enemies. They are, said the South African Broadcasting Corp. in an editorial applauding Vorster's trek, "the only two Western nations to have established themselves in a predominantly non-white part of the world."

Officially, Israeli leaders described Vorster's visit in glowing terms. They intimated that Israel would sell Kfir fighter planes, Reshef patrol boats and other military hardware to South Africa. In return, Israel would receive such strategic materials as coal, chrome, platinum, titanium and—for the world's latest nuclear power (TIME, April 12)—enriched South African uranium. There was also a diplomatic dividend. Largely because of Arab pressure, 29 of the 33 black African countries that once had diplomatic ties with Israel broke them off at the time of the 1973 Middle East war (only Lesotho, Malawi, Mauritius and Swaziland retain such ties). South Africa, said one Israeli diplomat, gives his country an entry to the rest of Africa. "We reach there not through the black door but through the back door."

Upbeat Assessment. Despite these upbeat assessments, Premier Yitzhak Rabin's government attempted to play down Vorster's visit as merely a private call. One reason could have been that the ordinarily astute Israelis appeared to have been taken in a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. Vorster asked to come on a Lenten pilgrimage and then showed up with an unexpectedly large entourage, which had the effect of turning his visit into an official call. "Israel was taken," a U.S. State Department official said in Washington. "It was a sneaky but clever psychological move."

Some Israelis were outraged that Vorster, who was interned by his own country during World War II as a Nazi sympathizer, was permitted to lay a wreath at Yad Vashem, Israel's memorial to the 6 million dead of the holocaust. Israelis also recalled that before black African friendships dried up, their government consistently opposed apartheid. Premier David Ben-Gurion in 1961 condemned South Africa as a "deplorable regime of racial discrimination." When Israel later decided to give money to black liberation movements, the Pretoria government retaliated by blocking contributions to Israel from South Africa's 130,000 Jews, who are, after their U.S. counterparts, the most generous overseas Jewish group.

Many Israelis worried over what the strange new relationship would do to their image. South Africa was suspended from the United Nations General Assembly in 1974 for apartheid. Arab members last year attempted to punish Israel in similar fashion by equating apartheid and other forms of racism with Zionism. In the wake of Vorster's visit, renewed efforts are almost certain. Said a U.S. analyst specializing in Israeli affairs: "It's only grist for the Zionism-racist mill."

Good and Bad West Bank News

For Israeli newspapers, it was a good news, bad news sort of story.

First, the good news: under Israeli supervision, 72.3% of the 88,462 eligible voters among the 650,000 Palestinians living on the occupied West Bank went to the polls last week to choose 205 municipal officials in 22 communities. The election in the occupied Jordanian territory was peaceful and honest, and for the first time included women voters. Observed the Jerusalem Post: "A freer election could hardly have been had in any Arab country today."

Now, the bad news: from Israel's point of view at least, the returns indicated a landslide for younger, relatively radical nationalist candidates who are as much attuned to the Palestine Liberation Organization as to local problems. The election was thus a formal declaration of what West Bankers have been saying informally in recent months: they accept the P.L.O., rather than the Jordanian government, as their representative.

The nationalists showed impressive strength, particularly in the area's larger cities. The biggest gain was in Hebron (pop. 55,000), where Sheikh Mohammed Ali Jabri, 72, scion of Hebron's most influential family, was replaced after 36 years as mayor. Jabri, who was on friendly terms with top Israeli leaders, was succeeded by Fahd Qawasm, a 38-year-old agronomist and a member of another large, distinguished clan.

Period of Cooperation. In Nablus (pop. 70,000), a slate of ten nationalists swept the election. The biggest vote getter was Bassam Shakah, 45, a soap-factory owner with outspoken views in favor of the P.L.O. On the strength of his vote, Shakah was named mayor. In Beit Sahur (pop. 9,000), one victorious city council member received the news of his election in jail, where he was being held on suspicion of anti-Israeli terrorist activity.

The outcome of the election was no surprise in Israel, although the size of the anti-Israeli vote was disturbing. Bethlehem was the only major city won by moderates. For two months before election day, the West Bank had been swept by rioting Three communities, Hebron, El Bireh and Ramallah—where another nationalist mayor won last week—were clamped under curfews; two people were killed in anti-Israeli demonstrations. Ostensibly, the rioters were protesting an Israeli magistrate's court ruling that gave Jews the right to hold prayer services at the Temple Mount in Jerusalem which is also one of Islam's holiest shrines. The real root of the protests, however, was West Bank frustration after nine years of Israeli occupation.

For a time, Israeli officials had con-



ARAB WOMAN CASTING FIRST BALLOT



CAMPAIGN STICKERS ON STREET SIGN



THE WORLD

sidered postponing the elections until tempers cooled. But Defense Minister Shimon Peres, who supervises the occupation, insisted that the vote be held. Peres was anxious not only to demonstrate Israeli concern for democratic processes but also to help defuse the mood of protest. Afterward, the Defense Minister sought to dampen the nationalistic implications of the results. "Not everything that is said in a campaign is meant literally," he insisted. "We look forward to a period of economic cooperation with the West Bank, to open bridges and open minds." But that period seemed far off. At week's end new riots erupted. Israeli troops shot and killed a

six-year-old Arab boy and injured others, threatening a further spate of retaliatory violence.

As for the victorious Arab candidates, they conceded that they would still have to deal with Israel about such local problems as electricity and finances. But they also said that they would pursue a new nationalism aimed against Israel (and Jordan, under whose laws the elections were held). Sipping Turkish coffee with constituents who came to cheer his victory, Hebron's Mayor Qawasmî said his first official act would be a protest to the United Nations against Israel's policy of deporting outspoken Palestinian dissidents.

LEBANON

Still Sitting on a Tinderbox

Nature completed what man began in Beirut last week. A khamsin, the seasonal wind from the desert, blew clouds of choking yellow dust into the tortured city, and between them, the storm and new political maneuvers brought an end to renewed fighting between leftists and rightists. Before the battles tapered off and an "armed truce" was reinstated, however, some 200 people had been killed in a single day in wild artillery and mortar duels. In one more senseless scene from a year-long tragedy, three mortar rounds fell on a crowd of women shoppers and their children in West Beirut, killing seven and wounding 25.

The shaky cease-fire shifted attention back to Lebanon's complicated political situation, which was about as impenetrable as the khamsin. Parliament in a hasty session had ratified a constitutional amendment authorizing early

election of a new President to succeed Suleiman Franjeh, and the stubborn Maronite Christian Chief Executive finally agreed to step down. His successor must be one on whom all factions can agree, and one, moreover, acceptable to neighboring Syria. That might boost the chances of Elias Sarkis, quiet governor of Lebanon's central bank, while dampening those of Centrist Raymond Eddé, an outspokenly anti-right wing and anti-Syrian parliamentarian.

To head off more shooting, Syria last week put increased military and political pressure on its troubled neighbor. At least 3,000 Syrian troops were reported in Lebanon, along with 7,000 fighters of the Damascus-controlled Saïqa fedayeen movement. Syrian tanks and anti-aircraft "flak tracks" dug in three miles across the border, and armored cars probed as far as the Lebanon moun-

tains overlooking Beirut. Curiously, it is Lebanon's Christians—not the Moslems—who welcome the Syrian incursion, they believe that the Syrians will forge a peaceful settlement.

In Damascus, President Hafez Assad, in explanation of the Syrian moves, told a Baathist meeting that his troops had taken "a firm stand to oppose any party that insists on continuing the war." His remarks were aimed at leftist Moslem Leader Kamal Jumblatt, who had accused Syria of invading Lebanon and sent demonstrators into the streets of Tyre and Sidon with banners that read **SAVE THE SYRIAN ARMY FOR THE CONFRONTATION WITH ISRAEL**.

The shouting match between "brotherly" Moslems disturbed onlookers. In Washington, Secretary of State Kissinger told Congress that "we have been walking through a mine field here." He added: "The Syrian military efforts are getting very close to the borderline" of Israeli tolerance. In Jerusalem, Premier Yitzhak Rabin had a different borderline in mind. He warned that Israel had marked out a "red line" beyond which Syrian forces could not move. Although Rabin refused to pinpoint the line, military observers judged it to be the Litani River, running south and west through southern Lebanon. "If they bring in flak and missiles and get close to the Israeli border," said a Western diplomat in Beirut, "the Israelis will likely do something about it." Agreed another: "We are sitting on a tinderbox."

Shared Optimism. Seeking to defuse the situation, Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat assumed the unwonted role of peacemaker. Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization sides with Jumblatt against the anti-Palestinian Lebanese right. But Arafat needs Lebanon for his bases and is not anxious to defy Assad's command to stop fighting. The P.L.O. obviously does not want to repeat the "Black September" of 1970, when they defied King Hussein and were thrown out of Jordan by the King's army. Arafat paid a visit to Damascus for an all-night session with the nocturnal Syrian President. Arafat returned to Beirut with a seven-point agreement, calling among other things for an end to fighting, the election of a new President and the re-establishment of a mixed armistice commission to make peace. He met with Jumblatt, who accepted, but only grudgingly, since Assad conceded nothing.

At week's end the political storm eased, as did the khamsin, and a speck of hope filtered over the scene. Some observers shared the optimism of Henry Kissinger. "For the first time, it is possible to see the outline of a political settlement in Lebanon," he said as he pledged U.S. participation in an international consortium to help rebuild Lebanon. But such hope was necessarily tentative. After 24 cease-fires and endless rounds of fruitless discussion, Lebanon's volatile problems were far from settled.

MOSLEM GUNMAN WALKS BEIRUT RUINS & (INSET) ARAFAT EMBRACES JUMBLATT (LEFT)



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INDIA

Indira's Walking Tour

"Tell me, what is distressing you?"

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, dressed in a crisp sari, stood in the scorching early summer heat on the north Indian plain and asked that question dozens of times in Hillaaur, a small village in her parliamentary constituency of Rae Bareilly. The country around her told the answer acre after acre of sere, treeless, wind-whipped fields, most of which are worked by *harijans* (untouchables) who sharecrop but do not

BALDEV—UPI



GANDHI RECEIVES GARLAND IN HILLAUR

own the land. Long miles of highway are untarred. Few people can afford the 300 rupees (\$33) needed to wire their homes for minimum lighting provided by two light bulbs. Electric irrigation pumps are rare, and even wells fitted with immemorial Persian wheels are few and far between.

Mrs. Gandhi was in this bleak corner of impoverished Uttar Pradesh state for a *padayatra*, the journey on foot made famous 25 years ago by Vinobha Bhave, who for years walked the length and breadth of India asking people to give up one-tenth of their land to the landless. A *padayatra* has become the customary way for leaders to make contact with their people. In 1959 Mrs. Gandhi walked for four days through her father Jawaharlal Nehru's Allahabad constituency. This year Indira, 58, reduced her *padayatra* to a mile-long, 50-min. walk through the single village of Hillaaur. There were other differences, reports TIME Correspondent James Shepherd, who was along for both walks.

In Touch. In 1959 Indira made the trip to Allahabad and back by train, traveling third-class; there were only three journalists along to watch her press on indefatigably for 16 hrs. a day through the villages, drinking innumerable glasses of sweet, milky tea and, in one village, sharing a simple meal of vegetable curry with the inhabitants. This year she arrived by special air force turboprop and helicopter; she carried her water with her from New Delhi and, as she marched briskly between the mud huts, ankle-deep in dust, she was preceded by a running dogfight between reporters and photographers on the one

hand, and her cohort of security men on the other.

More a publicity gesture than a genuine effort to get in touch with the masses, last week's *padayatra* nonetheless brought Mrs. Gandhi face to face with India's circumstances. "Do you go to school?" she asked one girl. The answer: No, because there is no high school in Hillaaur. Uttar Pradesh's education minister, who accompanied Mrs. Gandhi, announced that Hillaaur will not only get a school but also a small hospital.

Most of the requests addressed to the Prime Minister concerned land. Surplus land in Hillaaur was recently redistributed among the landless, with 77 families each getting about one-third of an acre. But one family, consisting of an old man, four women and three or four children, told her: "Most of our land has been taken away from us." How? "It was auctioned by the government, after getting a court order, ten days ago." The Prime Minister immediately ordered that the case be investigated.

Mrs. Gandhi finished the day in nearby Rae Bareilly, to which she had helicoptered from Hillaaur. There she told local citizens: "Our main concern should be the poor." Another main concern was the state of emergency that Mrs. Gandhi imposed on the country last June, as she said, because of "those who preached violence and indiscipline." Democracy, Indira noted loftily, "does not mean that whoever has power can sweep away the opposition like a bulldozer." It was a strange comment, coming from a ruler who for ten months has kept much of her own political opposition in jail.

CHINA

A Sense of Panic Grips Peking

Drums and cymbals reverberated across China last week. In every one of the country's 29 provinces and administrative districts, mammoth rallies of 100,000 or more people were staged, in Peking (pop. 8 million) more than 4 million Chinese took part in such rallies. The press was filled with rhetoric praising Chairman Mao Tse-tung and the Communist Party Politburo.

To some analysts, there was a sense of panic in China's reaction to the dramatic, unprecedented protest demonstration that took place in Peking's vast Tien An Men Square two weeks ago. In the weeks ahead, these analysts speculate, the Communist Party leadership will make a concerted effort to create a sense of mass enthusiasm and legitimacy for its policies—most notably the abrupt sacking of Chou En-lai's onetime heir apparent Teng Hsiao-p'ing and the elevation of Security Minister Hua Guofeng to Premier and First Vice Chairman of the party.

What particularly struck China watchers was the depth of Peking's shock at the open, scrappy and in many ways anti-Maoist protest. The incident at Tien An Men—and similar violent confrontations in the city of Chengchow—began as reactions to the removal of memorial wreaths to the late Premier Chou En-lai (see color opposite). It was clear that the disturbances went far beyond the narrow issue of respect for the late Premier. They were also expressions of support for the kind of consistent, moderate policies mapped out by Chou—and supported by Teng—and opposed by the radical faction that claims to speak for Mao himself.

Significant Meaning. Hence Peking's propagandists harshly labeled the Tien An Men riot "an organized, premeditated and planned counterrevolutionary political incident." Teng himself was not accused of having organized the incident. Nonetheless, said the official report to the Politburo, the unnamed or-

ganizers of the riots wanted to "stir up disorder in the whole country." In Peking and elsewhere, great prominence was given to the workers' militia rather than to the regular army as the group responsible for maintaining order. The militia, said the official press agency, "feared neither hardship nor death" in fighting the "class enemy." Significantly, it is Mao and the radicals who have promoted the expansion of workers' militia organizations in China, presumably as a power base in the event of a future struggle with more conservative factions.

Meanwhile, the position of the professional army remains a mystery. While party leaders and the heads of government ministries were turned out for the pro-Mao demonstrations last week, several key military commanders were absent. Among the most important was Ch'en Hsi-lien, commander of the Peking military district, a member of the Politburo and widely regarded as the country's most powerful general. In the past, the army often favored the kind of moderation practiced by Chou and Teng. The fact that it is staying aloof from the current struggle may be bad news for Mao and his radical supporters.



Wreaths dedicated to Chou En-lai being placed at the Martyrs' Monument in Peking the day before rioting.

LEONARD SHARLET—GAMMA—LIAISON

Demonstrators march in Peking's T'ien An Men Square.

Maoist supporters beating drums for China's "Great Helmsman."



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Biting the Silber Bullet

Wherever John R. Silber goes in academe, controversy seems to follow. In 1970, Silber, then 43, was fired as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Texas when he opposed the board of regents' plan to split his college into smaller schools. A year later, after a nine-month search by a 21-man committee, he was named president of Boston University. Since taking office, he has led an ambitious program to raise the school's admission standards, cut its sizable deficit (\$2.2 million), and improve the quality of the faculty. Laudable goals, but the manner in which Silber pursued them has angered

enrollments and rising costs. In December, 90 untenured professors were told they would lose their jobs when their contracts expired. Announcing the need for a 20% budget cut in the next two years, Silber suggested that some tenured professors might also be released. But according to a number of faculty members, the issue was not the possible cutting but the administration's competence to budget fairly. As Mathematics Chairman Robin Esch puts it, "The issue is mismanagement."

Silber, a Yale philosophy Ph.D. and an Immanuel Kant scholar, has admitted to his "warts, defects and idiosyncrasies." He has also tried to allay fears that a mass layoff of faculty is planned. After defending himself at the faculty meeting during which the no-confidence vote was taken, he asserted, "We have to have a tight ship, but we certainly don't intend to make any cuts at the expense of academic quality." Next week the trustees must decide whether Silber will stay at the helm or whether yet another long search must begin.

The Adams Finals

Why did Jay Gould refer to the Adams family as an extinct species of dinosaurs?

Describe the ideals of the Adams family concerning their responsibilities toward government and society. How did Charles Francis Adams II interpret these ideals?

Why was the working class unable to elect political leaders who would champion their cause?

At more than 300 colleges and universities last week, students penned their answers to these and other questions in final exams for courses based on the 13 episodes of Public Broadcasting Service's *The Adams Chronicles*. The lavish \$52.2 million series was the most popular ever offered by the network—it was seen by close to 4 million people each week—and proved appealing to thousands of students. Says Richard Rollins, the course instructor at Michigan State, "The real key is that it has been able to interest nontraditional students [retired people, veterans, part-timers]. It represents history in a way no lecture could, that no book could. It turns people on, the reactions have been very good." Those who took the course ranged from police and firemen at Bunker Hill Community College in Boston to Don Dutro, 24, an electronics worker in Los Angeles, who this semester took "Adams" along with four other telecourses at Orange Coast College.

For many participating schools, the decision to offer the series for credit did not come easily. At Orange Coast, for instance, there were some "very

heated meetings," according to one professor, about the wisdom of taking the TV series. To improve the course, the college helped to create a student guide and used a book on the Adams family and era (total cost: \$10.80). Says Orange Coast History Professor Norman Lumian: "I am very much in favor of face-to-face teaching. Television might augment and supplement a course, and for older people it's a real blessing, but for young minds that can interact, I think it's a complete prostitution of the entire educational system."

Out of Context. Teachers were also bothered about the series' inaccuracies. Historians have pointed out a number of errors, including oversimpli-



B.U. PRESIDENT JOHN SILBER
Laudable but arrogant.

many of the deans, professors and students on the Charles River campus. He was told by the board of regents' chairman when ousted from Texas: "You are the most intelligent, articulate and persistent man around. You scare the hell out of the incompetents above you." Now Silber's arrogant, autocratic leadership—one Boston professor has called him an "intellectual bully"—has worried those beneath him. Incompetents and stars alike, they are trying to get the university's trustees to dismiss him.

Budget Cut. Ten of the 15 academic deans have demanded his ouster, and in a 377-to-117 vote, the faculty senate also asked for his resignation. Besides his overpowering style in office, a number of substantive issues have fueled the conflict. Boston is meagerly endowed (\$25 million), and the administration has been forced to modify its \$128 million budget to meet the demands of declining



ACTOR GEORGE GRIZZARD AS JOHN ADAMS
Inaccurate but effective.

fictions, quotations taken out of context and exaggerations of the role the Adamsses played in certain events. In one episode, John Adams nominates Washington as Commander in Chief, when in fact he was nominated by Maryland's Thomas Johnson. And it was John Jay, not John Adams, who was the main negotiator of the peace treaty with England.

Despite these alterations of historical truth, most educators felt the course was effective. At Quincy Junior College, near the Adams family homestead, in Quincy, Mass., Instructor Robert Collins applauded WNET, New York, for its production. Says he: "What they've developed is an appreciation for the period. This cuts across age lines. TV has been an arch villain in terms of locking us into a continuous 'now.' There's a real hunger in this country for a collective past, a cherishable identity."

She was once the star of kiddie cinema, thanks to Walt Disney confections like *Pollyanna* and *The Parent Trap*. Then in 1965, at the age of 19, **Hayley Mills** shed her mopet image by moving in with British Producer **Roy Boulting**, a thrice-married father of seven who was 33 years her senior. Five years later, the couple were married, and Mills bore a son. Now a ripe old 30, Hayley has come a long way indeed from her Disney days. Her latest credit: she has been named the "other woman" in a divorce suit filed by the wife of British Actor **Leigh Lawson**, 32, whom she met last May while the pair were starring in a London stage comedy. "I love him, and I believe he loves me. I just want us to be together," says Hayley, who is separated from Boulting and expecting Lawson's baby this summer. "I don't want any more pretense."

It was cops v. cons in a football game straight out of the 1974 film *The Longest Yard*. But this time none of the players came from central casting. The quarterback for the boys in blue denim was Black

Militant **H. Rap Brown**, 32, now serving a 5-to-15-year stretch for a 1971 robbery and shootout with Manhattan police. Brown's teammates: some of his comrades from Green Haven prison. Their opposition: New York's Finest, who agreed to the charity game at Long Island's Hofstra University in order to raise money for retarded children. Despite plenty of support from enthusiastic fans in the bleachers—including a sideline banner proclaiming LET'S GO CROOKS—Quarterback Brown failed to



ACTOR LEIGH LAWSON WITH GIRL FRIEND HAYLEY MILLS

H. RAP BROWN WARMING UP



BARBI & THE BIRTHDAY BOY WITH PICTURE OF

connect with any of his bombs, and the flatfoot walked off with a convincing 34-6 victory. No appeals are pending.

When it comes to his personal safety, Jordan's **King Hussein** is not a man to take chances. At least that was the impression he left after a visit to Canada. One evening, while attending an ice-skating show in Ottawa with Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** and Wife **Margaret**, Hussein turned toward the crowd to give a royal wave. Not until newspapers published photos of the incident did anyone notice the handgun tucked into his belt, apparently in violation of Canadian protocol against firearms on foreign dignitaries. "Visitors aren't supposed to do this, but what can you do?" grumbled a Trudeau aide after the pistol-packing monarch had left for home. "You can hardly frisk a King."

His bunny jet has been sold. The Chicago mansion is virtually closed. Competitors nip at *Playboy's* heels, and profits from Playboy Enterprises, Inc. are way down from their peak of \$11 million in 1973. Last week **Hugh Hefner**, plainly weary of the administrative wars, confirmed reports that he planned to relinquish the presidency of his company soon. But, insisted Hef, who will stay on as chairman and chief executive, "I'm satisfied with what I've accomplished; my place in history seems pretty well assured." He added, "I don't feel the need to prove myself, or the compulsion to succeed that I once did." Although troubled by corporate woes, the old hutchkeeper showed only smiles as Girl Friend **Barbi Benton**, 27, Daughter **Christie**, 23, and 150 old chums, includ-



HUSSEIN DISPLAYING HIS HARDWARE

PEOPLE



HEF WHEN HE WAS ONE YEAR OLD

ing Actor **Elliott Gould** and Author **Gay Talese**, gathered to celebrate his 50th birthday at Hefner's 30-room pad in Los Angeles. "I'm feeling as good as at any time in my life," he said. "Each decade has seemed a little better."

The magazine's title *Genesis* "sounded kind of religious," recalled Anthony Battiatto, executive vice president of the David McKay publishing company. So McKay innocently accepted the monthly's bid to print an excerpt from a book, *The Accountability of Power*, by Senator **Walter Mondale**, the son of a Methodist minister. *Genesis*, alas, is a gamy skin mag, and Mondale's view on the presidency appeared in its May issue along with essays like "69 Far-Out Ways to Turn On a Woman" and the "Erotic Diary of a Nymph Cheerleader." Battiatto conceded that "we goofed," but there was no turning away the wrath of the Minnesota Democrat. Insisting that McKay had sold the excerpt without his permission, Mondale refused the \$150 fee offered by *Genesis* and filed suit against his publisher for "appropriate" damages.

"It's the greatest thing when a 36-year-old woman can put on the tightest jeans, the skimpiest shirt, play with a gun and call it work." So says Actress **Elizabeth Ashley**, whose work these days is a new comedy by **Samuel Taylor** titled *Legend*. In it she plays what she describes as an "outlawette" in a band of 17 Old West bad guys. Whatever the fate of the show when it opens on Broadway next month, Ashley's publicity poster seems a surefire hit. "A lady in those days couldn't go out and purchase out-

lawette gear," Liz says, by way of explaining her don't-fence-me-in decolletage. "She had to take what she could pick up along the way."

"No crown, no cape, no diamonds, no rubies," grouched one California schoolboy last week after seeing Sweden's **King Carl Gustaf**, 29. In fact, Carl Gustaf probably felt more like a tired tourist than Europe's youngest monarch. Now in the middle of a month-long U.S. tour, the King had gone to the San Fran-



KING CARL GUSTAF TAKING A BOW



LIZ ASHLEY AS OUTLAWETTE

cisco Bay Area for a 48-hour visit that included one consular banquet, an evening of disco dancing, a tour of the University of California at Berkeley, a quick look at San Francisco's new subway system, and lunch with Swedish-born **Rudolph Petersen**, former Bank of America president. Finally, during a champagne reception with 1,100 Swedish Americans from northern California, Carl Gustaf paused long enough to gaze into the eyes of a Hawaii-born singer named Nani Hardman, who promptly draped the King with an orchid lei.

He hasn't played hockey since his junior high school days nearly 40 years ago, and most of the ice he's seen lately has come from the family fridge. Still, Actor **Paul Newman** may just survive the rigors of his new movie *Slap Shot*. "I'm a hockey player," says Newman, 51, describing his role. "I'm somewhat over the hill, a little desperate and looking for a way to make things work." Newman, who played pool in *The Hustler*, tooted a trombone in *Paris Blues* and boxed in *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, insists that hockey is like "all the other things" he has learned to do for films. "I'm slightly crippled," he confesses. "But I'm standing up."

PAUL NEWMAN ON ICE



Flap over Swine Flu

When Administration health officials begin lining up Americans for their flu shots next fall, joked Democratic Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington, "they might have 'em vote at the same time." Magnuson's wisecrack, made during hearings on President Ford's emergency request for \$135 million to inoculate all Americans against a possible outbreak of swine influenza (TIME, April 5), was tacit recognition of the emerging controversy surrounding the proposal. Despite final congressional approval and the signing of the measure into law last week, some legislators and doctors are wondering out loud whether the flu program is merely another symptom of election-year fever

up only the prevailing A-Victoria virus, which caused last winter's relatively mild flu epidemic in the U.S.

Critics of the inoculation program add that, despite a careful search, no cases have been found beyond the base. Nonetheless, says Virologist Edwin D. Kilbourne of Manhattan's Mt. Sinai Medical School—and one of Ford's advisers—there is the distinct possibility that the swine virus has only gone into hibernation and may emerge again as next winter approaches.

► Can a program of mass inoculation avert an epidemic?

HEW's Deputy Assistant Secretary for Health, Dr. Theodore Cooper, says vaccines are effective against flu about 80% of the time, but other scientists argue that vaccination offers only haphaz-

vers and have headaches, too. As a precaution, the National Institutes of Health plans tests of the new vaccine on about 1,000 adults between the ages of 18 and 45 at several military bases and medical centers. In addition, at a high-level meeting of the Government's flu advisers in Bethesda, Md., last week, Dr. R. Gordon Douglas of the University of Rochester School of Medicine urged additional tests on possible higher-risk groups, including pregnant women and people with such ailments as chronic lung, heart and kidney disorders, as well as diabetics and those with disorders of the nervous system. Also, public health officials said they would not recommend vaccination of preschool youngsters because of the possible danger of fever and convulsions. The drug companies themselves are aware of the risks; they have served notice that they do not want to be held liable for any adverse reactions among people who are inoculated.

► Can enough vaccine be made to inoculate most Americans before the next flu season?

Ford's program asks for at least 200 million shots, which would be distributed by state and local health authorities and administered by private doctors (who would be allowed to charge for the service). But even spokesmen for the four major manufacturers, who will receive \$100 million for the vaccine—the other \$35 million will go for research and other costs—admit that they are not sure they can produce the entire amount by next winter. In fact, the manufacturers have already asked HEW to lower some quality-control standards. It has obliged them by dropping one of its new mandatory measurements for impurities in vaccines.

Some medical authorities who are concerned about mass inoculations, like Dr. E. Russell Alexander of the University of Washington, think that there is a reasonable alternative to Ford's program: continue full speed ahead in producing and stockpiling the vaccine—but hold off on inoculations if there is no major swine flu outbreak by August. That strategy, though, might itself pose dangers. Other public health authorities point out that if they wait until swine flu reappears, they will not be able to administer the shots quickly enough for them to be effective.

Administration officials acknowledge the difficulties that the largest public vaccination effort ever attempted in the U.S. will entail. Still, they insist that the risks are small compared to what might happen if there is a major outbreak of a new type of influenza against which most people have no natural resistance. Says one White House aide: "Consider the outcry if with all that evidence the President had said no."



"Has a kid come running past here, screaming 'I won't be a victim of Big Government?'"

Ford's request had the backing of a blue-ribbon medical advisory committee—including Jonas Salk and Albert Sabin, of polio vaccine fame—but critics of the program charge that the Administration left unanswered some nagging questions. Among them:

► Is there really a serious threat of a major outbreak of swine flu?

The President's medical advisers say the newly detected swine flu strain is similar to the lethal virus that caused some 20 million deaths worldwide during the 1918-19 global flu pandemic. The new strain showed up at Fort Dix, N.J., where a 19-year-old Army recruit died of flu-related pneumonia in February. Investigators also found direct evidence of swine flu in eleven other men and signs of exposure to the virus—determined by the presence in the blood of antibodies to the new strain—in 273 others. Yet a subsequent check of 50 men hospitalized for flu at Fort Dix turned

and protection. Because flu viruses mutate so frequently, vaccines produced to combat one strain may be less effective against a genetic variant that appears later in the same season. If appropriate inoculations could always be prepared in advance, doctors would have been able to prevent the outbreak of A-Victoria flu this winter among Fort Dix recruits—who were vaccinated against three other viral strains. Admits Virologist Gary Noble of the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control: "Ford made the vaccine sound a little rosier than it is."

► Could the vaccine itself be dangerous to the recipients?

President Ford insisted that the reaction to swine flu vaccine would be mostly limited to sore arms. But Dr. Francis Ennis, of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's vaccine-regulating agency, estimates that some 15% of the recipients could run fe-

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HOMES FLOODED BY RISING SOURS RIVER NEAR MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA

ENVIRONMENT

Waiting for the Mouse

Floods are no stranger to Minot, N. Dak., a city of 35,000 on the Souris River. The community has been flooded three times this century. Last week residents prepared for yet another inundation.

As bulldozers hired by the Army Corps of Engineers put the finishing touches on some 50 miles of dikes, residents of the flood plain began moving their belongings out of their homes and storing them in the town auditorium and armory; the buildings soon resembled Sears Roebuck warehouses, cluttered with furniture, refrigerators, washing machines and television sets. The 12,000 evacuated from their homes settled down for what could be a long siege, finding rooms in local motels, beds in the homes of friends and relatives or cots in a crowded school gymnasium. Said Mayor Chester Reiten, whose town has already been declared a disaster area by the Federal Government: "We've done it so often, it's automatic."

Since 1969, the last time the Souris (French for mouse) broke through the dikes, more than \$7 million has been spent on flood control measures. Some townspeople note that farmers have been clearing upstream lands to bring more land under cultivation; this, they feel, may have increased the amount of water emptying into the river and raised its levels. But agronomists say that the main reason for the river's rapid rise is the unusual amount of moisture in Saskatchewan, where the Souris originates; this winter's precipitation was 700% above normal, adding enormously to the amount of water draining into the river from the region's grasslands. Rains that fell late last week

are only making a bad situation worse.

City officials, who keep a close watch on the Souris, have followed a carefully rehearsed plan in preparing for the floods. A well-staffed flood control center, resembling a military command post, was set up to begin coordinating an evacuation system and dike patrol. National Guardsmen and personnel from the local Air Force base were pressed into service to help. A Shrine Circus, scheduled to play the municipal auditorium last week, was canceled and the hall used for storage.

Delayed Dam. Many residents of Minot took the evacuation with equanimity. A few families joked about their annual "spring cleaning" as they watched moving vans load up their possessions for the trip to higher ground. Said Mrs. Doris Christensen: "We've got the cleanest houses in North Dakota." Others, especially those who own property in the flood plain, are less excited about the emergency. "If you sell your house in the valley, you're not going to make enough to buy one on the hill," said Mrs. Verna Hammer, who has taken up residence in a local school.

One thing does upset the townspeople: the lack of adequate flood control in the area. The Corps of Engineers has attempted to help by deepening the Souris' channel, but this spring's unusually high water levels could not be contained. Construction of a dam that could help hold back flood waters has been delayed by government red tape and is opposed by environmentalists and by farmers whose land might be flooded. Even if the project were to be approved, residents of Minot are likely to spend several more years warily watching the water. The earliest the dam could be completed is 1984.

Defeat for Kaiparowits

Set in a wilderness of wind-carved rock, southern Utah's desolate Kaiparowits* Plateau is one of the most unspoiled places in the U.S. Now it seems likely to stay that way. For nearly 14 years a consortium of Western power companies has been seeking—over objections by environmentalists—to build a huge coal-fired plant on the plateau. Last week its campaign failed when two of the firms—Southern California Edison and San Diego Gas & Electric—informed Interior Secretary Thomas Kleppe that they were dropping, for the time being, their plans to build the plant.

It was an expensive defeat for the companies, which have sunk \$22 million into promoting, researching and engineering the \$3.5 billion installation. In the planning stage since 1962, the plant would have exploited the vast deposits of low-sulfur coal in southern Utah and, when fully operational, generated 3 million kilowatts for customers in Arizona and Southern California—enough power to meet the needs of some 3 million people. The project's demise is also a blow to the economy of Utah, which had envisioned the creation near the plant of a town of up to 15,000, additional payrolls of \$100 million and tax revenues of \$28 million.

Already Dirtied. But Kaiparowits looks like a major victory for environmentalists. The huge plant would have burned more than 1,000 tons of coal an hour, and environmental groups like the Sierra Club objected to the fact that its smokestacks would have spewed at least 300 tons of pollutants a day into the desert air, which is already being dirtied by other power plants in the area. The National Park Service agreed that the plant's emissions would harm the region; some 20% of the country's land managed by the National Park Service—including the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area and Bryce, Zion, Grand Canyon and Capital Reef national parks—is located within 250 miles of the proposed plant site. Two weeks ago, in an action that probably hastened the consortium's decision, 31 members of Congress suggested even further delays in the plant's oft-stalled construction by formally asking Kleppe to withhold approval pending further study.

Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club, was elated by the consortium's defeat. Said he: "Kaiparowits was a project at the wrong time and in the wrong place." Ironically, however, the Kaiparowits decision may work against environmentalists on another front. Deprived of coal power to meet growing energy demands, Southern California Edison, the largest member of the consortium, can now argue more convincingly for an alternative also opposed by the Sierra Club: more nuclear power plants.

*The name comes from a Paiute Indian word meaning "Mountain of Many People."



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Healer of Memories

Sometime Lay Evangelist Jimmy Carter is not the only member of his Southern Baptist family to plunge into religious work. His younger sister Ruth Carter Stapleton, 46, has been on the Gospel trail for nine years both preaching and practicing what she calls "healing of memories." She works not only with her fellow Protestants but with Roman Catholics as well; 5,000 of them attended one of her healing sessions in Atlantic City last October. She also conducted spiritual workshops in 75 other U.S. cities last year, as well as in Indonesia, Malaysia, Japan and England.

Stapleton goes on the road neither as a stump preacher nor as a faith healer dispensing supposedly miraculous cures. Rather, she seeks to remove crippling emotional scars through a blend of inspiration and psychological methods she learned while in group therapy herself. Coaxing people to relive harmful childhood memories through "guided daydreams," Stapleton then asks them to bring Jesus into the imaginary scenes. When this is done, she says, love and forgiveness neutralize emotional damage.

She has described her work in a recently published book called *The Gift of Inner Healing* (Word Books; \$4.95). In it she tells about Mary Anne, whose marriage she saved, Jeff, who had trouble relating to women and Jody, who came to her because he was troubled about his homosexuality. Feeling that he needed to identify with a father figure during his childhood, Stapleton led him back through his memories to the time

he was six years old, sitting in his mother's kitchen. "Now the doorbell rings. Go to the door and open it," Stapleton directed. "Who's going to be there?" asked the grown-up Jody, a bit frightened. Answered Stapleton: "Jesus is going to be there. He's got a baseball bat and glove with him. He wants you to play ball with him." Thus, writes Stapleton, "through the prayer of faith-imagination I slowly, verbally took six-year-old Jody through an entire ball game," with both Jesus and Jody going up to bat. Through further sessions, she helped Jody create a new and more supportive "memory bank." As a result, she says, he gave up his homosexual habits.

Spirit's Scalpel. Some clergymen object strenuously to Stapleton's ministry on the ground that there is no biblical basis for her technique or that she is practicing psychotherapy without a license. Most psychiatrists seem to be unaware of her work, although she offers a version of her standard workshop for secular therapists. To critics, she insists that it is legitimate to probe into "the subconscious depths with the scalpel of the Holy Spirit."

Stapleton's unusual career began after she recovered from a period of deep depression. The wife of a Fayetteville, N.C., veterinarian and the mother of four children, she suffered black moods that led her to "the point of total desperation." At that time she went into group therapy and later attended an interdenominational retreat at a North Carolina resort hotel. Though a devout Baptist, for the first time she "experienced God as a God of love." After spending three months in a backwoods cabin, she attended a second retreat. While there she had a session with a pioneer in the Neo-Pentecostal movement that was just then beginning to introduce healing and other "gifts of the Holy Spirit" into mainstream churches. In a private ceremony she knelt to receive the "Baptism in the Holy Spirit" through the laying on of hands, the Pentecostal initiation rite. She later experienced speaking in tongues.

Like other Neo-Pentecostals, Stapleton believes in miraculous physical healings, but has played down her own involvement in them. When her son Scotty, then 13, received a concussion in a 1965 auto accident, she prayed for him. The next day she says, he recovered. Since then she claims that her prayers and memory healing sessions have helped hundreds of others with various physical afflictions. "I have seen a person blind from birth healed, a lame person who walked for the first time and three deaf mutes who were healed and are now in therapy." The press naturally calls her a faith healer but she rejects the label: God alone, she says, does the healing.



LUTHERAN PROTEST MARCH

Biblical Purge

RETURN THE EXILES! read a Holy Week placard carried by one of the 200 protesters in front of the St. Louis headquarters of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. The demonstration was aimed at Dr. Jacob A.O. Preus, conservative head of the denomination, who this month fired four district presidents (roughly equivalent to bishops). Their sin: ordaining graduates of Seminex, the breakaway school from the synod's Concordia Seminary that was founded during the Lutherans' long-running doctrinal dispute over biblical interpretation (TIME, March 4, 1974). The dismissed leaders, who favor a flexible view of the Scriptures, head three districts which cover a large area of the Northeast and the English District, with congregations scattered across the U.S. The districts include 310,000 of the church's 2.8 million members.

Big Schism. Backed by their districts, the four presidents refuse to quit office. They plan to carry on as though nothing has happened, which will force Preus to set up new district offices loyal to church headquarters. At that point, some sort of new moderate church will begin to emerge. One synod spokesman estimates that fewer than 200 of the church's 5,846 congregations would join the exiles. But a moderate tactician claims that if Preus does not relent, 600 to 800 congregations will be in rebellion by the end of the summer, with more likely to leave later on. If this happens, it will be one of the biggest U.S. church schisms in decades.

EVANGELIST RUTH CARTER STAPLETON



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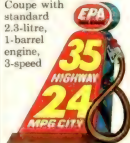
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Left-Field Hit

THE BAD NEWS BEARS

Directed by MICHAEL RITCHIE
Screenplay by BILL LANCASTER

Coach Morris Buttermaker passes out on the pitcher's mound during practice. Scraping himself together, he sips a few cold ones in the dugout while watching his team take the field for the first game. Score at the end of the first half of the first inning: 26 to zip. Buttermaker (Walter Matthau) figures it is time to forfeit. He has nothing to lose but his pains, and there are nine of them on his team, with a couple of alternates thrown in for good measure.

Quite unexpected, entirely welcome, *The Bad News Bears* is a fracturing comedy of honor, victory and defeat in the Little League. Yes, the Little League, which Director Michael Ritchie (*Smile, Downhill Racer*) turns into a target for a brassy, good-humored satire on Middle-American values.

The Bad News Bears is about a fictional Southern California version of the Little League called the North Valley League. The Bears are rejects from the league's 16 other teams, and the boozey Buttermaker is a fitting leader for them. A former minor league pro now reduced to cleaning pools for a living, Buttermaker has no particular affection for kids. He does not care much for base-

ball either. Just now, boiler-makers are his main passion.

The Bears may be terrible, but they are enthusiastic. Misfits all, playing—even miserably—gives them a shot at self-respect. Buttermaker considers this and, out of his beery fog, figures the kids deserve a break. His motives are not entirely altruistic, however. On a rival team, there is a gung-ho, supercilious coach (well played by Vic Morrow), and Buttermaker hates his guts.

Heavy Hitter. To beef up his goof-ball outfit, Buttermaker recruits a couple of sawed-off powerhouses. Amanda Whurlitzer (Tatum O'Neal), the tomboy daughter of an old flame of Buttermaker's, is expert in the fine art of the fast-ball and the spitter; Kelly Leak (Jackie Earle Haley), a local terror who chain-smokes and rides a Harley, is a heavy hitter. He also has the hots for Amanda. With Kelly and Amanda on the team, the Bears start to win.

Ritchie and Writer Bill Lancaster (Burt's son) are especially shrewd in showing how a game for kids is converted into a contest of egos for their elders. The movie is calculated and a little cute. It relies too heavily on the amusement value of hearing little kids cuss like Marines. Yet *The Bad News Bears* is also tough-minded. It does not turn Buttermaker into a lovable codger, and the kids do not become last-minute victors.

Grumbling all the way, gargling his booze, Matthau is better than he has been in years, and all the kids are wonderful, full of spirit and spunk. (Inquires one fearless sad sack of a combative rival: "How'd you like me to stick that but where the sun never shines?") The movie has some very traditional concerns—about the value of playing as opposed to winning, about trying to achieve a certain minimal dignity—but deals with them lightly and with charm. Surprisingly, improbably, *The Bad News Bears* is the year's funniest movie. It is very much like the team itself: no serious threat at first, but, finally, tough to beat.

Jay Cocks

Grave Error

FAMILY PLOT

Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Screenplay by ERNEST LEHMAN

Alfred Hitchcock is 76 now, and the bemused nightmarish thrillers he has concocted over the years have accomplished more than the director ever intended, perhaps even imagined. Hitchcock will admit to no loftier ambition than entertainment. Nonetheless, his best movies—*The Wrong Man*, *Strangers on a Train*, *Vertigo*, *Psycho*, *The Birds*—reach into deep pockets of psychic guilt, creating not only a pleasant, fleeting rush of terror in an audience

but also a lingering, fixed anxiety. He is a technical master. But the tense economy of his best scenes, the closely calibrated dynamics of his editing, have also shaped the way people look at films and the way they make them.

Out of respect for Hitchcock's stature, and his years, *Family Plot* should be considered as fleetingly as possible. It is a comedy thriller gone awry, vulgar, lifeless and maladroit. The script is by Ernest Lehman, who wrote the witty screenplay for Hitchcock's sumptuous self-parody, *North by Northwest*. Here the writing is less like satire than put-down. At one point, Bruce Dern, who plays a scuffling actor-cab driver named Lumley, grouches to his girl friend, a self-proclaimed medium: "You've really got me by the crystal balls."

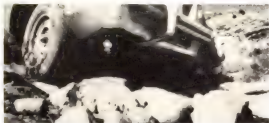
There is, at least, the core of a good Hitchcock concept buried in the film. Two couples, one a little shady, the other downright criminal, pursue each other for purposes that are mutually misunderstood and increasingly scary. Lumley and his girl Blanche (Barbara Harris) divine a way to get rich through one of her clients, wealthy matron Julia Rainbird (Cathleen Nesbitt). Miss Rainbird wants to find her dead sister's illegitimate child, who was turned out of the family years before, and make restitution. If Blanche can use her spiritual powers to track down the heir, there is a pretty piece of change in it for

HARRIS & DERN IN PLOT



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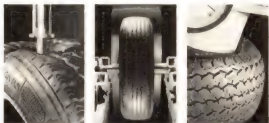
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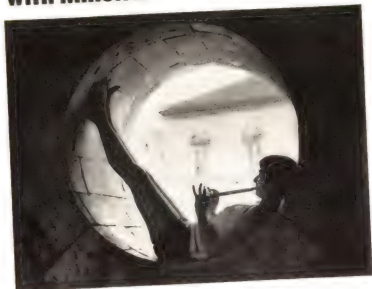
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Minolta SR-T

CINEMA

her. As Blanche and Lumley pursue the loot, they discover that the Rainbird heir is a prosperous young jeweler named Adamson (William Devane), who combines his passion for gems with a taste for kidnaping. Ransom for his victims is demanded—and delivered—in the form of precious stones. The profit margin is high, and Adamson's personal life flourishes too: criminality sharpens his carnal appetites, which are centered mostly around Fran (Karen Black), his partner in bed and crime.

Hitchcock connects the lines of this rather unwieldy parallelogram with cursory concern for symmetry and suspense. As Blanche and Lumley draw closer to Adamson and Fran, the latter two assume they are being followed for purposes of blackmail, and plot accordingly. This leads to two scenes of automotive terror—Blanche and Lumley trapped in a car hurtling out of control on a winding mountain road, then trying to outrun a pursuing sedan on foot—that are among the clumsiest sequences Hitchcock has ever put together.


Family Plot may be the only Hitchcock film about which it is fair to reveal the ending. At the fadeout, one of the four principals turns and winks conspiratorially into the camera, a piece of business that is a certain sign of directorial desperation. In any case, Hitchcock has announced that he will "definitely" make another movie. That is welcome news in every way. **J.C.**

Heehaw

THE DUCHESS AND THE DIRTWATER FOX
Directed by MELVIN FRANK.
Screenplay by MELVIN FRANK,
BARRY SANDLER and JACK ROSE

This winded frontier comedy concerns one of those fun couples who, sadly, amuse only each other. The Duchess (Goldie Hawn) is a Barbary Coast hooker trying to get off her back and onto her feet by turning a dishonest dollar. The Dirtwater Fox (George Segal) is a sharpie whose smart schemes always collapse in chaos. These two hook up to defraud a lubricious Mormon—a bit of bunko that helps keep the Dirtwater Fox a few steps ahead of some bad guys who are giving him heated chase. It seems that he made off with their loot from a bank job, only the Duchess swiped it from him, mixing it in by mistake with the baggage of her Mormon mark, who—oh, well. Let it go at that.

If the plot is enervating to recount, it is excruciating to sit through. The script is replete with rough-and-tumble frontier humor, Hollywood style, which means that the characters talk like unemployed gag writers trying to top each other over a delicatessen breakfast. Segal and Hawn, who are usually actors of charm and humor, here look as if they would like to be on the first stage out of town—or maybe even under it. **J.C.**



I demand two things from my cigarette.

I want a cigarette with low tar and nicotine.
But, I also want taste. That's why I smoke
Winston Lights. I get a lighter cigarette,
but I still get real taste. And real pleasure.
Only one cigarette gives me all that: Winston Lights.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report
SEPT. '75.



Florsheim Is Spring

You may know Florsheim shoes for their quality and value. Please also note a seemingly unending variety of fine leathers, patterns and colors. Like the pleasant abundance of spring.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 60606 • A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED





Oldsmobile's answer to
expensive European luxury sedans.

Omega Brougham.
Priced under \$4000*.

It stands to reason that if a foreign car is going to be priced thousands of dollars more than an Omega Brougham, you ought to be getting a lot more car for your money. Let's just see how these cars stack up against each other.

	AUDI 100LS SEDAN	SAAB 990L SEDAN	VOLVO 244 SEDAN	OMEGA BROUGHAM
SHLD. RM. (F/R)	55.5/55.4	53.0/52.9	54.3/54.2	56.3/56.6
LEG ROOM (F/R)	41.3/34.5	39.4/37.1	38.4/36.9	41.8/32.8
HEAD ROOM (F/R)	38.4/36.5	37.8/37.7	37.6/36.8	38.9/36.2
EPA MILEAGE† HIGHWAY/CITY	MPG 30/20	MPG 30/21	MPG 27/17	MPG 29/17
ENGINE & TRANSMISSION	114-Four 4 Spd. Man.	121-Four 4 Spd. Man.	130-Four 4 Spd. Man.	250-Six 3 Spd. Man.
PRICE*	\$7,100	\$6,498	\$6,595	\$3,914

*Manufacturers' suggested retail prices for the models shown (including prep charges and available equipment specified on Omega Brougham). Tax, license, destination charges and other available equipment additional.

†Source: 1976 EPA Buyer's Guide. Remember: These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition, and available equipment. For California EPA figures, available power trains, and prices check your dealer there.



OMEGA BROUGHAM

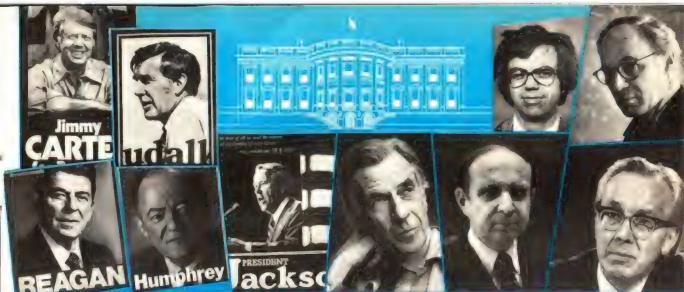
Oldsmobile

Can we build one for you?

While being priced a lot less, Omega Brougham still offers room, comfort and gas economy comparable to expensive European sedans. What's more, its low \$3914* price even includes this available equipment: bucket seats; sports mirrors; floor shift control and super stock wheels. And you can even add steel-belted radial tires (\$69) and still keep the price under \$4,000.

Check out an Omega Brougham Sedan today. We think our combination of price, luxurious appointments and Oldsmobile quality are going to win you over.





THE CANDIDATES & THEIR ECONOMIC ADVISERS: CLOCKWISE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE: ANDERSON, KLEIN, HELLER, KAUFMAN, GALBRAITH

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

ECONOMISTS

All the Would-Be-Presidents' Men

A presidential candidate who expects to be taken seriously must convince voters that he has at least a plausible prescription for prosperity. So, no presidential campaign is complete these days without a network of economists to feed the candidate ideas on how to deal with unemployment, inflation and economic growth. The technical ability and political insights of these experts can make or break a campaign—as illustrated by George McGovern's 1972 economic program that turned into a vote-losing albatross. Moreover, the ideas of the economists who advise the eventual winner can shape the way Americans live and work for years after the election—especially if, as can happen, the candidate's campaign advisers become the policymakers of a new Administration.

The candidate best supplied, in quantity at least, with economic advice is, of course, President Ford, who can draw on the whole policymaking apparatus of the Government. Currently, Ford's aides are reporting that the recovery from recession is picking up enough speed to weaken what the Democrats had expected to be one of their strongest issues (*see following story*). Other candidates, lacking the power of the White House, must get their advice wherever they can find it—generally from economists at universities and research organizations who have time to ponder major public issues.

The candidates seek as broad a spectrum of advice as they can get and choose what they want or what they be-

lieve will sell. Frequently economists will advise more than one candidate—indeed, sometimes just about anybody who asks. For example, Robert Nathan, a private Washington consultant and member of TIME's Board of Economists, considers himself a regular adviser to Hubert Humphrey, who might well emerge from a brokered convention with the Democratic nomination. But Nathan also has sent papers to at least two of Humphrey's actively campaigning rivals, Henry Jackson and Morris Udall. Says Nathan: "You help as many as you can."

At this stage of the campaign, most of the candidates are talking economic generalities rather than presenting detailed programs, and their economists are staying in the background. Hardly any have yet joined a candidate's staff full time. Instead, they offer their tutelage in a variety of ways: sometimes by frequent personal meetings with the candidate, often through staff members and sometimes only in an occasional phone conversation, memo or quick chat. Nonetheless, their views of the issues—and of the candidates—provide a preview of the fall debate and possibly even some intriguing hints of the economic tone, mood and direction of the next Administration. A brief rundown on the ideas of the leading candidates and the men behind them, starting with the Democrats.

JIMMY CARTER has said he would give priority to reducing the nation's unemployment rate "and take my chances on inflation." Many of Carter's ideas

come from—or through—his chief adviser, Lawrence Klein, professor of economics at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, a pioneer in using computer studies to forecast economic trends. Klein has put together one of the best-organized economic advisory groups of the campaign. It has recently completed work on a comprehensive economic program that Carter will announce this week. Among his other advisers are experts as diverse as Albert Sommers, chief economist of the Conference Board, a business research group, and Carolyn Shaw Bell, a strong advocate of greater progress for women. Also in Carter's advisory group: Lester Thurow, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a liberal who had a major hand in formulating McGovern's welfare proposals, and Martin Feldstein, of Harvard, who is sufficiently conservative to have been invited to join Ford's Council of Economic Advisers.

Klein says of Carter: "He is willing to accept good advice, makes sharp intuitive appraisals and picks up complicated economic ideas very fast." According to other aides, Carter is not content with oral briefings but insists that economic ideas be put on paper so that he can read them.

HENRY JACKSON, while calling for greater Government efforts to reduce unemployment, lower interest rates and curb inflation, has been trying hard to capture the middle ground. He has no single major economic adviser, but keeps in touch with a number of experts of widely varying persuasions. One is Hen-

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

ry Kaufman, a partner in the Wall Street firm of Salomon Bros., whose views are generally regarded as conservative. Kaufman reports that Jackson has "shown a willingness to try to understand the issues." The two do not always agree: Kaufman is exceedingly dubious about Jackson's advocacy of breaking up the major oil companies but says the Senator has not sought his views on that issue.

By contrast, Jackson also has listened to Kenneth J. Arrow, a Harvard professor and co-winner of the 1972 Nobel Prize in Economics. Arrow last year signed a declaration condemning capitalism for producing "primarily for corporate profit" and calling for a search for alternatives to prevailing Western economic systems.

MORRIS UDALL has argued for a more rapid expansion of money supply to keep interest rates low. Government action to cut unemployment and "effective price controls on key industries, such as steel, food, utilities and prescription drugs." Liberal Udall has tapped many sources for advice, including economists of the congressional Joint Economic Committee. But he especially respects the counsel of John Kenneth Galbraith, who has long contended that the concentration of economic power among the nation's major corporations is a prime source of inflation and argues for permanent price controls. To a considerable degree, though, Udall relies on his own knowledge. He has had a strong interest in economic issues for years, and according to his staff, his grasp of the subject is firm.

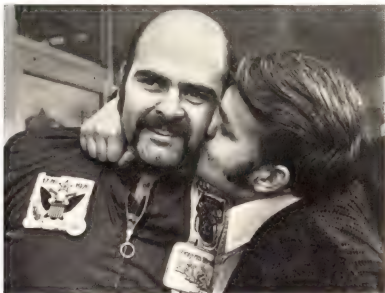
HUBERT HUMPHREY is co-author of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, a measure aimed at cutting unemployment among adults to 3% within four years of enactment. It calls for, among other things, greater Government planning, increased revenue sharing for states and cities and expanded public service employment. Humphrey has a close and longstanding association with Walter Heller, head of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and a member of TIME's Board of Economists. Says Heller: "Hubert is still the quickest study in the business." Humphrey, whose thirst for new ideas is almost as insatiable as his need to talk, is in constant touch with other experts like Nathan

RONALD REAGAN is pushing a strongly conservative line, concentrating on budget cutting, and has committed the only notable economic gaffe of the campaign so far: his proposal to turn over to states and cities Government social programs that currently cost \$90 billion a year. His chief economic adviser is Martin Anderson, senior fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institution, who now works for Reagan full time. Anderson, who served as a special assistant to the President during the early Nixon years, describes himself as a "free-market economist." He is author

of *The Federal Bulldozer*, a denunciation of urban renewal programs. Anderson is one of the few economists who still believe that a literally balanced federal budget is possible. Reagan has also sought advice from Murray Weidenbaum, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Nixon, a member of TIME's Board of Economists and a moderate who finds the difference between Ford and Reagan "modest" compared to any Democrat.

Of all the candidates, only George Wallace seems to get along without any

regular economic advice. Staff assistants insist that Wallace does consult with economists but are unable to name any. Wallace once remarked: "I look around at all the other candidates who have these advisers advocating things that have brought us where we are. I think maybe I'll have a good truck driver, a good steelworker, a good little businessman and let them advise me." This un-intellectual approach has failed. Wallace's campaign has stalled so badly that his days as a national power seem finished.



JUBILANT DETROIT TEAMSTERS EMBRACE AFTER AGREEING TO GO BACK TO WORK

THE RECOVERY

Onward and Upward—More or Less

The background of the campaign debate over economics is a recovery that is progressing faster than most economists had expected. The Government this week will release its estimate of first-quarter real gross national product (total output of goods and services, discounted for inflation); it is expected to show a 6% to 7% gain at an annual rate. Retail sales jumped 2.8% in March, on top of a 1.6% rise in February; auto sales in the first ten days of April leaped 33% above the 1975 period. Industrial production rose by only 6% in March, but the January and February advances were revised upward to 8% and 7% respectively.

The figures point to a healthy, not wild recovery—but do contain a promise of further acceleration in the months to come. The fast pace of consumer spending and sales is keeping businessmen from rebuilding the inventories they slashed deeply last year. If sales stay strong, retailers will have to step up their orders for new goods to rebuild

stockpiles so that they do not run out of items that customers want to buy. Result: production increases later this year that will be larger than expected.

The good news has caused the Ford Administration to revise its forecasts for the year slightly upward. It now expects real G.N.P. to rise 6.5% during all of 1976 and unemployment to drop below 7% by year's end. Earlier, official forecasts had anticipated a 6.2% G.N.P. increase and a year-end unemployment rate of 7% to 7.5% (the jobless rate had already dropped to 7.5% last month). Though the Administration does not intend to give its new predictions an official stamp, it is making no secret of its delight. Says Secretary of the Treasury William Simon: "This economy is so good there is almost nothing we could do to screw it up before the end of the year."

Simon is being too exuberant. There is a darker side to the picture: the Administration is forecasting a 6% inflation rate not only for 1976, but for 1977

Questions about insurance?

There are people who are ready to answer them.

Last year, over 30 million people bought more than \$300 billion worth of life insurance. And for each insurance policy, there may be questions. Questions about benefits, service, premiums, policy language.

Where to go with a difficult question.

Every insurance company has procedures for handling questions. At Prudential, we'd like you to start with your agent. Most people resolve their questions right here.

Second, call your local office. You can find its number in the phone book. Prudential has 1,444 of these local offices. Each is ready to

provide you with information you may need.

Finally, contact your regional home office. Prudential has nine, strategically located in the United States and Canada. In each there is a special department for customer inquiries. It's called the Policyowner's Service Department. Your local office can give you the address.

Don't hesitate to ask.

Remember, agents are specially trained people who want to help. So once again, to get answers to your questions before they become problems, see your agent.

*It's your insurance.
We want you to understand
what you're paying for.*



Prudential

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

and 1978 as well. For this year, such a rate would mark progress—prices rose about 8% in 1975—but for so long a period as three years a 6% inflation pace is clearly far too rapid. Yet the Administration's chances of reducing it have been lessened by its own labor policy, as exemplified by the Teamsters settlement early this month that ended a two-day strike (TIME, April 12).

Consistent with Inflation. Some White House officials put pressure on Secretary of Labor W.J. Usery, acting as a mediator, to get the strike settled. He did, but at the price of a contract that will raise wages and benefits 33% between now and 1979. President Ford declared that the settlement "does fit into our overall economic plans and forecasts for the next three years." That is the trouble: a 33% raise is indeed perfectly consistent with a continuing inflation rate of 6%.

The deal sets a bad precedent for the important negotiations coming up in the rubber industry (where contracts expire this week), construction and autos. Having given a kind of official imprimatur to the Teamsters settlement, Ford—and Usery, who will be involved in all the negotiations—cannot convincingly argue that any other union should accept a smaller one. Instead, the message of the Teamsters settlement is just the reverse: the Administration does not want any long strikes disrupting the recovery in an election year and is prepared to countenance—or maybe even lean on employers to accept—wage and benefit boosts averaging 10% or even 11% a year, if that should be the price of peace. That is a policy that may well cost the nation dear.

THEORY

Club of Rome Revisited

Coming from almost any other organization, a call for economic growth to alleviate world poverty would produce only yawns. From the Club of Rome, it is an intellectual bombshell. The Club—really an informal organization of some 100 top international businessmen, scientists and thinkers—has been synonymous with advocacy of a no-growth world ever since it produced its explosive little book, *The Limits to Growth*, in 1972. Using a complicated computer model of the world, the book argued that because the earth's resources were finite, mankind might starve or suffocate in pollution if runaway population and economic growth were not stopped cold. True, the computer model was flawed and the no-growth notion faulty (TIME, Aug. 14, 1972). But the basic message became famous; 3 million copies of *Limits* have been sold worldwide.

Last week the Club reversed its position. At a three-day meeting in Philadelphia sponsored mainly by the First Pennsylvania Corp., a leading bank,



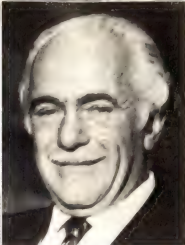
SCRAMBLING FOR FOOD IN BANGLADESH

speaker after speaker came out for more growth. Why? The Club's founder, Italian Industrialist Aurelio Peccei, says that *Limits* was intended to jolt people from the comfortable idea that present growth trends could continue indefinitely. That done, he says, the Club could then seek ways to close the widening gap between rich and poor nations—in equities that, if they continue, could all too easily lead to famine, pollution and war. The Club's startling shift, Peccei says, is thus not so much a turnaround as part of an evolving strategy.

What the Club of Rome prescribes now is selective growth. This concept, which promises to be every bit as difficult to put into operation as no-growth, requires nations to take voluntary actions aimed at speeding the development of the poorer countries while slowing that of their industrialized brethren. The desired result would be a much more equal division of the world's riches and productive capacities, which could lead to global peace and prosperity through economic interdependence.

To promote this one-worldism, the Club is developing what Peccei calls "a trilogy of efforts," starting with a report titled "Reshaping the International Order." Written by Nobel Prize-winning Dutch Economist Jan Tinbergen and 20 top government advisers—Club members are nothing if not highly placed—it is mainly concerned with the kinds of action that might influence selective growth. One recommendation will be to create new international monetary reserves to finance development in Third World countries. Other recommendations are to reduce tariffs on industrial products sold by developing nations, to set up new international agencies to subsidize the conservation of resources and, perhaps most startling, new controls on multinational companies so that they heed the needs of the countries in which they do business, as well as their own welfare.

Such moves would obviously substitute international planning for the workings of the free market. The Club aims to help that planning with a computer model, developed by Edouard Pestel, professor of engineering at West Germany's Hannover University and Mihajlo Mesarovic, director of the Systems Research Center at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Concen-



CLUB OF ROME FOUNDER PEGGEE Selective, not zero.

trating on ten separate world regions, the model is fed data—population growth, food production, climate changes, energy supplies, etc.—that can permit economists to test scenarios for various situations. West Germany, for instance, is already using the model to find out how to transfer some industrial production to less-developed countries without harming its own economy.

Will people actually go along with such changes in growth patterns? The Club's third effort, a sociological investigation of human goals, optimistically indicates as much. Explains Philosopher Ervin Laszlo, now working at the U.N.'s Institute for Training and Research: "The materialistic growth ethic is not an immutable expression of human nature." Beyond this possibility of altruism, however, the Club of Rome holds out the motivation of simple self-interest. If nations do not act to equalize resources, Club members warned in Philadelphia, mankind will rush lemming-like to the disasters so well publicized by *Limits to Growth*.

WALL STREET

The Gould Rush to Sell

In Wall Street's division of labor, stock analysts try to forecast earnings of individual companies and pick those that might make good investments, while market analysts attempt to predict whether the market as a whole will

Get hooked on the looks and sold on the price.

At today's prices, a lot of people would consider themselves lucky to get an ordinary-looking car for under \$4,000, let alone a great-looking Dodge Charger. That low price includes a lot of standard features you've come to expect in Charger. Like color-keyed carpeting, soft vinyl-upholstered seats, front disc brakes, an Electronic Ignition System, and room to seat six full-grown people quite comfortably.

Charger can also give you something else you might not expect. Surprisingly good fuel economy. Even with an optional automatic transmission.

Charger's six-cylinder engine* got 23 MPG on the highway and 16 city in EPA estimates. (Your mileage may differ, depending upon your driving habits, the condition of your car, and optional equipment.)

HERE'S "THE CLINCHER." "For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Corporation Dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage." The owner is responsible for maintenance service such as changing filters and wiper blades.

\$3736.

Manufacturer's suggested retail price, excluding optional equipment, destination charge, taxes, license and title fees. The whitewall tires, wheel covers, and bumper guards pictured are additional.

*Six-cylinder model, as priced and shown, not available in California.



**The new Dodge Charger.
Once you've looked, you're hooked.**



SPECIAL SPRING SALE.
For a limited time only, Dodge Dealers will be able to pass special factory savings on to you. Which should make it even easier for you to get sold on Charger's price.

The Hawaiian Islands. They're on the escape route of more people these days than ever.

No wonder. People like you flee the routine to come here for as many reasons as there are waterfalls.

Sure, Hawaii is headquarters for the tan set. But if that's all it was all about, Hawaii would be just another warming ground with ample supplies of sun, sand and balmy nights.

No, people flee here for other reasons. Like the fact that we

not, the Goddess of Fire lives here — in a bubbling volcano. Yes, you can see lava. You can also ski on the Big Island — snow skiing way up high on Mauna Kea. Colorful, too, the beaches. They're not just sand-white, there are black ones and green ones besides! The Big Island rounds off its diversity with field after field of lovely orchids. It's the favorite island of many a visitor.

Maui. Maui sprang forth from volcanic eruptions sometime during the dim, dim past. It was probably settled from Tahiti — about 750

Grand Canyon. And you've never heard the Hawaiian Wedding Song until you've heard it at the unforgettable Fern Grotto.

Molokai. They call it the Friendly Isle — and that it is. You'll discover a quiet island, one with lots of room and lots of scenery. No, there will not be a lot of people between you and the view.

Lanai. Three things make this island outstanding: pineapples, hunting and fishing. It's a beach-combers' paradise — especially with its Shipwreck Beach, where

FLEE:

TO HAWAII FOR THE ESCAPE OF YOUR LIFE.

might have just about the happiest people-mix on earth. Come here and you'll delight in the enchanting differences offered by the Pacific's cultural heritage — from Oriental to Polynesian and all the in-betweens.

Each island is different.

Each has its devotees.

Even so, the islands have one thing in common and that's the conviviality known as the Aloha Spirit. It's here — alive and well.

Also alive and well, each and every Island. Look them over a minute. One at a time. Right here.

Hawaii. Hawaii is the name of the whole State but just one of the Islands. That's why local people call it the Big Island. Believe it or

A.D. At one time it was a Kingdom. All by itself. Back in the 1800's it was the whaling capital of the Pacific. Today the town of Lahaina has been restored in honor of the rough and ready whaler and his ships. Maui is indeed many things. Like the Seven Pools of Kipahulu. Or Hana, a remote coastal town that makes going back in time a true delight. Maui is also famous for Kaanapali Beach with its fabulous hotels, golf courses, and beaches — making it one of the world's finest resort areas.

Kauai. For lush natural greenery, visit this, the Garden Isle. They say it has more beauty than the eye can behold. One thing you can't miss is the tropical version of the

many a good and brave craft came to grief.

Oahu means the Gathering Place. It's Honolulu. Waikiki, the life of luxury and excitement, day and night. Oahu is sophisticated, part East, part West. It's bustling, a place to live it up or take it easy. Swing by night, tan by day. It's different. You'll see Buddhist Temples. And Palace grounds from the days of the monarchy. You'll see plain good old country-style environment. Just a few miles from the Jet Set setting of luxury hotels and discos.

Get yourself off to a good start in getting away to it all. Flee to Hawaii. Just ask your travel agent ...he knows.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

More than a pretty place.

On behalf of the people of Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Molokai, Lanai and the Big Island of Hawaii.



Flee the freeways



Flee the familiar



Flee the people



Flee the Forty-nine



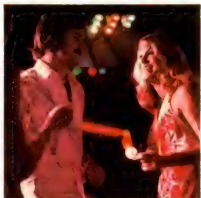
Flee for fun



Flee the humdrum



Flee the phone



Flee the reruns



Flee the formal



Flee the frost



Flee the flats



Flee the birrrrs

The thoughtful choice in low-tar smoking.



The low-tar cigarette with the recessed tip.

Most low-tar cigarettes are flush-tipped. So tar buildup up is flat against your lips.

But Parliament has the recessed tip. That means tar buildup never touches your lips. All you get is that neat, clean taste.

So if you're trying to find a low-tar cigarette that tastes good, why not choose the one with the difference, Parliament with the recessed tip.



Ordinary flush tip

Our recessed tip



Box: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. — Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Parliament

rise or fall. To put it mildly, neither always succeeds. But Edson Beers Gould, at 74 the dean of market analysts, has been right often and spectacularly enough to be a market force in his own right. Two weeks ago, just after the Dow Jones industrial average rose smartly to 1,009, rumors began circulating that Gould was about to forecast a short-term decline of perhaps 100 points. The Dow promptly fell 33 points in the next three days, its biggest sell-off of the year; last week it rebounded twelve points. The earlier plunge started even before Gould's forecast was in the mail to his 2,500 clients, 200 of whom are institutional investors; he did advise them to sell up to a third of their holdings.

There was little doubt that Gould's forecast was responsible for the sell-off—which caused some embarrassment for Gould's employer, the New York firm of Anametrics, Inc., an investment advisory service. Clients who pay \$500 annually for Gould's opinions were up-

ter the Dow hit its alltime high of 1,052 on Jan. 11, 1973, he advised clients to sell aggressively; those who did escaped one of the market's longest and deepest skids in history. "That was a beauty; that was easy," he told TIME Reporter-Researcher Sue Rafferty. In December 1974, with the Dow near a twelve-year low, Gould declared the recession bear market over; clients who followed his advice were rewarded by a rise of more than 400 points in the next 16 months.

Tracking Patterns. How does he do it? A diminutive (5 ft. 2 in.), sprightly man, Gould is a technician who pays little attention to corporate earnings or the course of the economy. Using millions of figures dating back more than a century, he follows the lines that stock prices and trading volume trace on charts. He bolsters his chart readings with studies in physics (for the laws of motion), music (for rhythm) and crowd psychology. He has evolved his own gauges of the market, including the

idea that his reputation is making his forecasts self-fulfilling prophecies. The market, he asserts, will follow cycles of its own whatever he says. In any case, he does not choose to become rich by following his own advice. "I don't trade in the market. It interferes with my work. It's a full-time job watching the tapes." But he does fairly well anyway. His salary at Anametrics is well in excess of \$100,000.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Instant Battle: Kodak v. Polaroid

After years of doing battle in separate though similar technological arenas, the two titans of the U.S. photography market finally meet in the same ring this week. Eastman Kodak Co., which fathered the snapshot almost a century ago, will show off to the press its new line of instant-picture cameras, thus offering Polaroid Corp. its first serious competition* since Edwin Land brought out the Polaroid Land Camera nearly three decades ago and ushered in the instant-photography era.

The contest between giant Kodak (1975 sales: \$5 billion) and smaller, but well-entrenched Polaroid ('75 sales: \$812.7 million), both with large marketing organizations and big ad budgets, promises to turn into one of the flashiest tussles ever. Polaroid chose Oscar night last month to introduce its Pronto instant-picture camera before a television audience of millions; it backed up that campaign with an advertising blitz in national magazines. Kodak has the same eye for glamour. Capitalizing on the Bicentennial, it will begin national marketing of its new cameras on July 4, although some cameras will be sold before that.

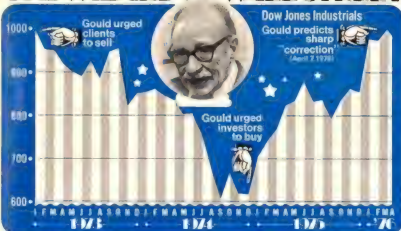
Hidden Children. As is usually the case when it is on the verge of unveiling a new product, Kodak is superstitious about its cameras. The company's 1975 annual report has two photos of playing children taken by the new process, but the pictures are half-hidden and show only good color reproduction and a rectangular shape (Polaroid's SX-70 system produces square images).

From sources inside and outside the company, this description emerges: Kodak will introduce at least two cameras, one priced at about \$40, the other possibly ranging up to \$180. v. Polaroid's range on its SX-70-type models of from \$66 to \$179. Both cameras will, like the SX-70, eject a card that in a few minutes turns into a color photo before the viewer's eyes.

Kodak's is a dry-to-the-touch, litter-

*At least one other company, the Keystone division of New York's Berkey Photo, Inc., markets an instant-picture camera that it manufactures under license from Polaroid.

THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET



TIME Chart: The Chartmakers, Inc.

set to receive them only after they had been acted on by other investors who read summaries of Gould's advice in the newspapers for a few cents. Anametrics Chairman Steven A. Greenberg hurriedly mailed letters to clients denying leaks to journalists and pointing out that Gould's advice should have come as no surprise anyway; he had been warning for a month that stock prices were due for a correction after their sharp and rapid rise since last December. Gould expects the drop to be brief, lasting perhaps six weeks and then giving way to a new rise to the 1,025-1,050 level.

The drop nonetheless illustrates the awesome reputation for calling market turns on the nose that Gould has built up over the past 20 years or so. He has been wrong a few times. He cheerfully admits that in August 1971 he predicted a rise from the Dow's then level of 840; instead it fell to 790 by November. But other predictions have seemed almost omniscient. Only three trading days af-

"speed-resistance line" (a measure of how far and fast prices have risen or fallen) and the "senti-meter" (a ratio of the prices of the 30 stocks in the Dow Jones average to the cash dividends that owners of those stocks receive).

One of Gould's creations is the "three-step rule." He explains that if after three interrupted rises the market does not go up and stay up, it is due for a drop. Reason: in Gould's view, human nature can rarely stand more than three tries at anything. If, for instance, a salesman rings three doorbells and fails to make a sale, he is likely to skip the fourth and take in a movie.

Gould has been honing his theories for more than 50 years. A graduate of Lehigh University, he worked briefly as an engineer in 1921 (while playing in a five-piece Dixieland band on the side) but concluded that opportunities for engineers were limited in the unsettled times after World War I and went into Wall Street instead. He scoffs today at

Announcing ConRail. A better way to run a railroad.

On April 1, six struggling railroads became a single, more efficient railroad, stretching from Boston to St. Louis. Purpose: to give customers first-class service and become a profitable company.

It's going to take time. But we've got the people, the money, and the will to make it work.

And we've got to make it work. A big chunk of America is counting on us.

Our 17,000 miles of track cover an area with 100 million people and 55 percent of America's manufacturing plants. Including major automobile plants.

ConRail serves so much of the automobile industry that if we stopped hauling freight even for one day, 26,000 auto workers would be thrown out of work.

In business to make a profit

Don't confuse us with Amtrak, which is a Government-subsidized company responsible for intercity

passenger service. ConRail is a for-profit company—primarily a freight railroad. (Under contract to various agencies, ConRail also provides tracks and operating personnel for passenger trains.)

The \$2.1 billion we're getting from the Government (see right) comes as an investment that we are legally obligated to pay back.

We're in business to improve service and make a profit. But why should we succeed when the six railroads we took over went bankrupt?

Old problems attacked head on

The Penn Central and other bankrupts had to watch roadbeds and equipment deteriorate for lack of money. This slowed service and increased damage costs.

They had to absorb losses from commuter lines. And from unprofitable freight lines.

And, in some areas, they didn't have enough

flexibility in assigning employees.

As you'll see below, the legislation that created ConRail specifically attacks each of these major problems.

Billions to improve roadbeds and equipment

In creating ConRail, Congress authorized the purchase of \$2.1 billion in ConRail securities. ConRail doesn't have to pay in-

terest or dividends in cash in the early years—which frees all the money for building a better railroad.

We'll use the \$2.1 billion (as well as more billions from ConRail revenues) to replace over 4,000,000



ConRail is often the lowest cost way to move truck trailers between the East Coast and the Midwest



ConRail blankets sixteen states with 17,000 miles of track



Penn Central



Lehigh Valley

Now we're one dynamic

ties and over 700 miles of track each year for the next 10 years. Repair freight cars and locomotives—and buy new ones. Repair bridges and tunnels. Install and modernize signaling and traffic control systems.

This will mean fewer damage claims, faster freight service—and increased earnings.

Unprofitable lines no longer a burden

Some freight lines that can't be run at a profit have been dropped. Others will be kept running if ConRail is compensated for the difference between revenues and the cost of operation. The compensation would come from the Government and the states that want to keep the lines operating.

ConRail will continue to operate commuter lines so long as the difference between revenues and costs is made up by local and Federal funds. If no one wants these lines to operate (or is willing to pick up the tab), ConRail can drop the service after 180 days.

Support from the unions

The unions want ConRail to succeed, and have already agreed to more flexibility in assigning employees.

C. J. Chamberlain, Chairman, Railway Labor Executives Association, said, "The interest of the

labor brotherhoods and the nation will be best served if ConRail becomes a strong viable company. We in labor will do everything we can to help ConRail reach that goal."



For heavy freight over long hauls, trains use remarkably little energy. The reason: low friction. Each wheel rests on an area about the size of a dime.

Consolidation saves money

We're consolidating many facilities and operations to cut costs. For example, in one city, we've already combined what used to be done by five offices into one office—under one general manager.

In many places, we're classifying cars one time instead of several. More savings.

We're scheduling more efficient train-size lots from original terminals. Still more savings. And the list goes on.

Better service to customers

From Day One, we've had faster run-through service. For example, we've already lopped 14 hours off some shipments from New York to Chicago. (Other runs are now 12 to 15 hours faster.)

We've cut the number of people that shippers have to deal with—from as many as three down to one.

We've also got a huge data processing operation: 5 giant computers, 83 high-speed tape drives, 107 on-line disc files.

Which means we can tell a customer, within minutes, exactly

where his cars are—at any time. Any day of the week.

Headed for success

You never know what whims the economy might have up its sleeve. But we've got a lot going for us.

Better use of cars, plus other efficiencies, should bring our cost savings to about \$300 million by 1980. Basic growth in freight vol-



We've got what it takes. The money, the people, and the will.

ume should bring us additional revenues of \$341.5 million by 1985.

On that basis, our objective is to start making a profit by 1980.

The best alternative

Many observers agree that if ConRail can't make a go of it, the only alternative is nationalization.

A bitter pill to swallow, as foreign taxpayers can testify. Taxpayers in some countries pay over \$1 billion every year to cover the losses from railroads.

We'll do everything in our power not to let that happen. The last thing in the world America needs is more taxes.

We aren't promising miracles. We can't offset decades of neglect overnight.

But we have got a better way to run a railroad.

ConRail

Consolidated Rail Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

new company formed from six old railroads



Central of New Jersey



Reading



Lehigh & Hudson River



Erie Lackawanna

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

free process, unlike earlier "wet" Polaroid systems that produced sticky prints after sensitized paper was peeled off and discarded. The cheaper Kodak model will probably use a thumb-operated lever to set the camera for each new picture. A battery will power the more costly version, but it will be installed in the camera, not in the film pack, as is the case with the SX-70 system. This will increase film shelf life and avoid all the problems Polaroid had with its early SX-70 film packs, whose batteries were sometimes dead when they were sold to customers.

Easily Duplicated. Perhaps the most important difference is that Kodak's process will probably produce high-quality prints that can be easily duplicated through most corner drugstores. Copies of SX-70 prints can be made, but originals must be mailed to the company for reproduction, a process that takes about a week or longer.

Almost from the moment Land came out with his camera in 1947, there has been speculation that Kodak would sooner or later follow through. Many analysts were convinced the time had come in 1963. Instead, Kodak then brought out its Instamatic line, in the belief that a sizable market still existed for simple, cheap, easily loaded cameras. It was right; film usage by the average amateur more than doubled.

Kodak at first regarded Land's invention as a toy whose high price (\$88 initially) and complexity would deter the average snapshotter. But the camera sold well. In the 1960s, when Polaroid's prices dropped dramatically (as little as \$20 for a Swinger), Kodak began cracking on its own process. Says David Eisendrath, a photo consultant for TIME and Modern Photography: "Kodak finally realized what Polaroid knew from the start—that there are people who want to take good pictures, and other people who want to see them as fast as possible. The latter group is much larger than the former." If that is so, Kodak v. Polaroid may well turn into a battle that both companies win as both share in an expanding market.

ITALY

No More Godfathers

Where is Camillo Crociani? Until February, the sleek and personable Crociani, 55, was chief of a state-owned holding company called Finmeccanica. Now he is the subject of a man hunt by Italian police and Interpol. They want to question him about charges that one of his privately owned companies laundered part of a \$1.6 billion payoff when Lockheed Aircraft Corp. sold 14 C-130 transport planes to Italy's air force in 1971. Just before the scandal broke, Crociani emptied his penthouse in Rome and his two lavish country homes of all personal documents—and vanished.

What troubles Italians as much as the alleged payoff is Crociani's inept handling of the public's business. Finmeccanica is one of Italy's many ventures in "mixed capitalism." With this system, which started under Mussolini in 1933, the state buys or creates firms to promote broad social goals—and make a profit. Today the government controls or has interests in companies that account for about 50% of Italy's industrial output. Finmeccanica owns pieces of about 50 enterprises that had combined sales of \$1.5 billion last year. Crociani took over in 1974; in just one year he tripled the group's losses to an estimated \$450 million.

No Accounting. Had the Lockheed scandal not surfaced, this dismal performance might have gone unnoticed. Traditionally the top managers of state-owned corporations have formed a *sottogoverno* (subgovernment) that runs their enterprises with so little supervi-

Heads soon began to roll. In May 1975, Mario Einaudi, free-wheeling chief of a state-owned mining and textile conglomerate, was forced to resign after he high-handedly tried to gain control of a Genoa shipping, insurance and newspaper group without informing the government. Next to go was Raffaele Girioti, chairman of ENI, who had led the big state petroleum company to a \$95 million loss. Camillo Crociani, apparently recognizing that his job was shaky, chose not to wait for the ax.

His flight has drawn even more attention to the woes of the state corporations. Just a few weeks ago, for example, Finsider, a state group of 24 steel-producing companies, came under fire for continuing to roll out steel all last year despite a global glut. The reason was to keep employment high, but the result was staggering losses that no private company could afford.

Critics of the *sottogoverno* are now

CROCIANI (INSET) AND HIS VILLA SOUTH OF ROME



sion that they do not even bother to keep the public or the official government up to date on what they are doing. Earlier this month, for example, the giant Institute for Industrial Reconstruction (I.R.I.), which controls 15% of all Italian industry, got around to releasing its consolidated balance sheet—for 1974. If the manager of a state-owned enterprise blundered, the government would quickly come to the company's rescue with grants and loans.

But last year recession hit the Italian economy especially hard, and the Christian Democratic Party, which has been in power for 30 uninterrupted years, found that it was losing votes. So the government stopped playing economic godfather. Refusing any longer to bail out ailing companies, the Christian Democrats also decided that they had to let the managers face the consequences of their business decisions.

sounding off in the press and Parliament. No one has suggested that mixed capitalism cannot work. Quite the contrary: widely supported legislation is being prepared to provide some \$5.2 billion in state grants to the companies so that they can do more to stimulate Italy's still sagging economy. But public pressure is forcing new ground rules. A special parliamentary commission recently recommended that state corporations stop obscuring their operations by setting up new financial holding companies. Instead, they should start reporting directly to a new parliamentary committee with broad supervisory powers. In addition, their accounting practices are to be reviewed and, if necessary, revised. Meanwhile, the *sottogoverno*'s ineptitude fans public discontent, which cannot help working to the advantage of Italy's increasingly powerful Communist Party.



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THE THEATER

Comic Karate

MONTY PYTHON LIVE!

The human body is one of comedy's supple tools. In agility, it releases tonic exuberance. As an object of humiliation through banana-peel pratfalls or pies in the face, it evokes instant delight. Even distortions or grotesqueries of the body—obesity, dwarfishness, eccentric gaits, tics, stutters, deafness and drunken staggers—have all been known to provoke a startling comic catharsis in playgoers.

The silent film thrived on that catharsis. So did vaudeville, and that Broadway combustion engine of explosive anarchy known as *Hellzapoppin'*. Britain's Monty Python troupe, which opened live at Manhattan's City Center last week, renews that comic tradition, and its success in television, movies and now, onstage, shows that many audiences are parched for it. If there is anything novel about the Pythonites (six men, with extras for this production), it is only that they are practicing comic karate, English-style, and Americans always find it strangely exotic to think of the British as vulgar, irreverent, silly, violent and sexual, both straight and kinky, all of which they can be and are.

In *Monty Python Live!* the operative word is "live," for almost all of the routines have been seen before on American TV. Fortunately, they are unkillably hilarious even in repetition. Since the performers understandably need to catch their breath, film clips share equal billing with the live players' stage an-

tics. When John Cleese delivers a diatribe to a shyster pet-shop owner while flogging the dead parrot that has been sold to him, the funning is lethally potent. So is the spoof on TV wrestling, in which the solo performer, Graham Chapman, is finger-jabbed and pretzel-twisted by an invisible opponent.

Philosophers as soccer kings get mauled in a ludicrous film match between the prize thinkers of Greece and Germany, in which the Greeks win by a head-thumping, last-minute goal from the great dome of Aristotle. After a trying day in court, two justices (Eric Idle and Neil Innes) flip their wigs and throw off the robes of high judicial office to reveal themselves in black silky feminine underthings. Apparently, a case of habes corpus.

No matter how high the brow or how low, *Monty Python Live!* creases it with jet-propelled mirth.

T.E. Kalem

Hollywood Hotfoot

BOY MEETS GIRL

BY BELLA and SAM SPEWACK

P.T. Barnum never died, he went to Hollywood. That was Broadway's view around 1935 when *Boy Meets Girl* was first presented in New York. Almost annually in those years, Shubert Alley applied a farcical hotfoot to the inane denizens of Celluloid City.

The show is still furiously funny, not because the setting is Hollywood but because the subjects are avarice, folly and desire, three aspects of human nature that make the whole world kin. The two protagonists, Robert Law (Lenny Baker) and J. Carlyle Benson (Charles Kimbrough), are nouthouse intellectuals—that is to say, screenwriters. Playwrights Bella and Sam Spewack modeled them on the famed '20s collaborators Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Their problem is to put together a film vehicle for a narcissistic cowboy star whose IQ is perceptibly lower than that of his horse.

A commissary waitress, Susie (Marybeth Hurt), who has granted her favors to some married bounder and is, as she puts it, "a little bit pregnant," provides the writing duo with an inspiration. They will pair her soon-to-be-born child with the rougherider of the purple sage and tug at the nation's heartstrings. They do, but there are rib-splitting complications involving studio moguls, frenetic decomposers of music and lyrics, and the amorous son of a British lord.

The cast's spirited foolery inoculates the evening with laughter, and John Lithgow's pell-mell direction would probably secure a friendly salute from the dean of comic mayhem, George Abbott, now 88, who directed *Boy Meets Girl* the first time, 41 years ago.

T.E.K.

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IDLE & INNES IN MONTY PYTHON



It's a goddam good game," says Yankee President Gabe Paul. "To survive what's been done to it." What is being done to baseball and by whom is a matter of substantial contention, but the first half of Gabe Paul's statement has been resoundingly endorsed in the past few days.

► In New York, hallowed old Yankee Stadium, the house that Ruth built, reopened in plushly refurbished form; its dedication presided over by Mayor Abraham Beame. It was 53 years from Babe to Abe, but the difference in what

ready as late as December 1975 to blow the Windy City looked solid as a line-drive double—all because the greatest promoter baseball has ever known was back in action.

► In Atlanta, the Braves' new owner, a tough-minded, salty-tongued communications czar and yachtsman named Ted Turner, signed up the game's most sought-after right arm in a reported \$1 million deal engineered by—of all people—a fan who took the negotiating authority upon himself. With one stroke of the pen, the moribund Braves had a bright new look. The signee was a handsome, 30-year-old, bubble-gum-chewing pitcher named Andy Messer-

domiciled in these weatherproof bubbles never have to worry about slipping in the rain, losing fly balls in the smog, getting grass stains on their pants or suffering other terrestrial indignities.

But even if undomed, the new Yankee Stadium has more character than those sterile, round, modular units that have sprung up across the sports landscape like mushrooms in a glen. It is basically the same looming, irregularly laid-out structure whose vast inner space Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle roamed heroically. Only it is clean, shiny and for the first time comfortable. The "Telescreen" on the scoreboard that was to flash messages like "Charge!" to the crowd was not working, and some box-seat spectators complained that their view of home plate was blocked by the dugout roof. But the ugly poles that screened the vision of generations of fans have been removed, and the seats are now wide enough—22 in. instead of 18—to accommodate America's middle-age spread. This bow to our hippy culture reduced the stadium's capacity from 65,010 to 54,028.

The distinctive, swag façade that

A NEW LOOK FOR

ON APRIL 18, 1923, THE BABE WARMED HIS HOUSE WITH ITS FIRST HOME RUN EVER

a community will lavish on its sports team could be measured in light-years. Trembling at the thought that its Yankees might leave town forever, the Stone-broke metropolis ponied up an estimated \$100 million to provide the likes of 6,900 parking spaces and an electronic scoreboard for the fans, expansive lavender-carpeted dressing rooms for the players and a plush lounge, featuring overstuffed chairs in the shape of fielders' gloves, for the owner's guests.

► In Chicago, Peg-Legged Bill Veeck (see box page 76), dressed as a Revolutionary soldier and playing a fife, stumped triumphantly across the 100% natural turf he has restored to Comiskey Park. Marching to Veeck's tune were White Sox fans in unheard-of numbers. There were 40,318 in the flesh at opening day (compared with 20,202 last year), season-ticket sales were up more than 40%, and a franchise that had been

smith, a free spirit and free agent whose victorious legal battle against baseball's "reserve clause" was reshaping the entire sport.

Little wonder then that turnstiles clicked like candelabras as combined major league opening-day attendance figures hit an all-time high: Baseball '76, which for weeks had seemed unlikely to get launched at all, was off to a rocketing start. The long legal arguments over the rights of spring, at least for the moment, proved no contest for the game's own rites of spring.

The grandest new blossom of baseball's most stimulating April ever was Yankee Stadium, a glowing renovation of the most famous, nostalgia-imbued house of sweat in America. Only New Orleans' Superdome, completed last year, cost more (\$173 million): Seattle's "Kingdome," which opened this month, was a mere \$60 million. Of course, teams

once hung from the roof of the stands has been reproduced atop the new \$3 million-plus scoreboard—only in concrete, not painted copper. Because the value of copper has risen almost as drastically as ballplayers' salaries since 1923, the original façade was melted down and sold. Perhaps it is now plumbing in a renovated brownstone. The playing surface is still alive: Merion blue grass, in texture irregular enough to promise a few historic bounces and in color a nice uneven biological green.

On April 18, 1923, close to 65,000 fans* flocked to New York's \$2.5 million house of baseball. New York Governor Al Smith threw out the first ball. The first one hit into the stands—fittingly—was a game-winning home run by Babe Ruth that beat his old Red Sox teammates 4-1. Ruth's astonishing home-run hitting and his \$50,000 salary had made baseball a different game and caused many to say the new stadium should have been called Ruth Field.

*The announced figure of 74,200, the Yankees later shamelessly admitted, was impossible; the park at the time had only 62,000 seats.

The Yanks doff their caps during opening ceremonies, then give 54,000 fans an afternoon to remember.

SPORT



THE OLD BALL GAME





Andy Messersmith put the arm on Atlanta for a million.
Reggie Jackson had all baseball on the line.



When Tom Seaver bared his muscle, the Mets won.
But in Baltimore his double knits were dangling.



At last, Thursday's reopening, sold out eight days in advance. Bob Shawkey, the starting pitcher in the 1923 opener, threw out the first ball. Five of his and Ruth's teammates from the 1923 Yankees (World Series winners that year) were on hand—Walter Hoyt, "Jumping Joe" Dugan, Hinky Haines, Whitey Witt and Oscar Roettger. The youthful crowd greeted the old heroes with no more than polite applause and saved the biggest ovation for Mickey Mantle, the most nearly contemporary demigod introduced. Even Joe DiMaggio failed to produce much of an explosion among the watchers. Because of his recent television commercials, many of them probably identify him more with coffee and a savings bank than with baseball.

But DiMaggio looked good—slim, dignified, younger than his 61 years, very classy. When DiMaggio was in kindergarten, the other kids probably came up to him and said, "Joe, you look good." When DiMaggio visits the Louvre, if he does, the Venus de Milo probably waits until they are alone and whispers, "Joe, you look good." "Welcome back, Joe," said several fans who happened to run into him and to remember back to the '40s, when he was making impossible catches with the pose of Charles Boyer stealing jewels. After DiMaggio had thanked them and moved away, the fans said to each other: "Don't he look good?"

The Yankees went on to win the game 11-4, but their inaugural moments were a fright. Starting Pitcher Rudy May walked the first Minnesota Twin to face him on four pitches, and then saw his fifth knocked over the left-centerfield fence by Dan Ford for the new stadium's first home run. With that an annoyed patron released a live piglet onto the field. But then Leftyhander May, who was born in Coffeyville, Kans., and once went to a psychiatrist to cure his pitching woes, wound up and delivered a high, tight "moving" fastball to the Twins' Rod Carew, who was born in Panama on a train. Carew, who hits a baseball more consistently, though not farther, than any man alive, swung ineffectually and grounded out, and the day soon righted itself for the home team.

May's pitch was by no means epochal, but like the approximately \$05-400 other fastballs, curves, sliders, screwers, spitballs, straight changes, sinkers, bloopers, balls and knucklers that will be thrown this year in major-league games, it was an assertion of the baseball season's venerable rhythms, which have been springing up around April and falling off around October for more than a century. It was also a useful pitch, both functional and decisive. It takes something of an artist's bravery and knowledge to throw major-league pitches. A fan savors the lines they draw in

the air and the effects they produce even if they are not fraught with drama.

But all such pretty nuances were nearly overwhelmed this spring by a tide of events that is sweeping through big-time professional sport. A mood of emancipation has changed the basic player-owner relationship. Pro football, basketball and hockey—under legal pressure—are all in various stages of changing the traditional serfdom in which owners have held players.

In baseball, the tie that binds has been the reserve clause, which states that even if a player does not agree to terms, his team automatically has the right to renew his previous contract for another year. This has always been construed to mean that the club can keep on renewing indefinitely, a unique condition of servitude that has prevailed largely because of a 1922 Supreme Court decision that baseball is a sport, not a business, and therefore exempt from vast reaches of the law. But now, in the case of Andy Messersmith, the courts have upheld the ruling of a baseball arbitrator that if a player plays out his option—performs for a full season without signing—the contract cannot

be extended again by the club. Thereupon the player becomes what none of the former greats of the game could ever hope to be—a talent who can sell himself to any owner willing to meet his price. (The celebrated Catfish Hunter case of 1974 was different. Hunter was declared a free agent by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn because Oakland, in declining to pay part of Hunter's salary to a company he had designated, failed to live up to its contract with him. He signed a \$3.5 million contract with the Yankees.)



Currently 85 players, including Boston Red Sox Outfielder Fred Lynn, last year's American League Rookie of the Year and Most Valuable Player, and

The consequence of

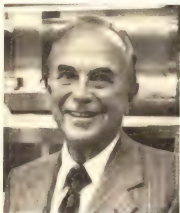


ED BARROW & THREE YANKEES WHOM HE KEPT LEAN. CLOCKWISE: RIZZUTO, DIMAGGIO, GEHRIG.

this wrangling is turmoil in the higher salary brackets. Early this month, outspoken Outfielder Reggie Jackson (TIME cover, June 3, 1974) was traded to the Baltimore Orioles by the penny-pinching owner of the Oakland A's, Charlie Finley, who argues that "too many stupid owners are willing to pay astronomical salaries." To the Orioles' dismay, Jackson, who averaged 31 homers and 91 runs batted in during his eight years with the A's, has so far refused to re-

*Most notably, Oakland's Vida Blue; Joe Rudi; St. Louis' Gene Tenace; Bert Campaneris and Bill North; St. Louis' Al Hrabosky and Ted Simmons; Philadelphia's Dick Allen and Dave Cash; Minnesota's Bert Blyleven; Baltimore's Ken Holtzman; Boston's Carlton Fisk; Cincinnati's Don Culbert, and Craig Nettles of the Yankees.

SPORT



PADRES PROPRIETOR KROC

port to his new ball club. He says he will not come until they compensate him for having to leave his Western business interests and until they begin to show more respect for his sensibilities.

When Tom Seaver's contract talks began, the New York Mets first insulted the man known as their "franchise" by threatening to trade him. That is no way to comfort a three-time winner of the Cy Young Award, which goes to the best pitcher in each league. Then they signed Seaver to a three-year contract worth an estimated \$690,000, but which includes incentive clauses of dubious legality.

Nor is the confusion just among players and owners. Leagues are fighting too. Both the National and American are claiming the right to a Toronto franchise in 1977, while teamless Washington, D.C., is being scorned by day and embraced by night. In sum, baseball is way up in the air, and all parties are circling under it hollering "I got it, I got it," perhaps with misplaced confidence.

Underlying much that is happening is a new sense of competition. Owners have always spoken highly of competition, but what they had in mind was team-against-team on the field. They never bestirred themselves greatly to compete with other amusements for the entertainment dollar, and they did not have to compete very strenuously with the players for the baseball dollar. When Pittsburgh Outfielder Willie Stargell bats against Seaver, "it's like two big rocks grinding together," says Stargell. In the past when a player faced an owner across the bargaining table, the owner was in a position to be a rock and the player could either sign his contract or go dig rocks. "Joe DiMaggio would never have played out his option," say traditionalists. But they are wrong.

"Sure I would have been tempted to play out my option," DiMaggio told TIME last week. "After my fourth season I asked for \$43,000 and General



ANDY MESSERSMITH PONDERING HIS PITCH WITH AGENT HERB OSMOND
Said the burger king: "Only God could give a no-cut contract."

Manager Ed Barrow told me, 'Young man, do you realize Lou Gehrig, a 16-year man, is playing for only \$44,000?' I said, 'Mr. Barrow, there is only one answer to that—Mr. Gehrig is terribly underpaid.' And then there was the season I hit in 56 straight games [1941]. When I came in to talk contract, I was offered a \$5,000 cut."

"Ed Barrow was the toughest man I ever met in my life," says another former Yankee star, Shortstop Phil Rizzuto. For the "Scooter's" first big-league season, the Yankees offered \$5,000. Rizzuto got an audience with Barrow to complain: "I went into his office and he was sitting there, a big burly guy wearing a sweater with holes at both elbows. He was eating a ham sandwich. He looked up and asked me what I wanted. I told him I thought I deserved more money. He stared at me, then said, 'Sign it or get out.' What could I do? I signed."

In 1949, his fourth season with the Yankees, All-Star Yogi Berra was paid \$14,000. The by then immortal DiMaggio made \$89,000. Rizzuto \$37,700. The whole roster's salaries totaled \$413,000. This year's Yankees—a team that most experts figure will finish third in their division—make \$1,305,000.

The bargaining position for today's athlete is much stronger but more complicated. The top players are too sensitive, too proud and have too much economic clout to be told to take what they are offered or leave it. They also tend to think of themselves as special cases who should be taken care of rather than as tough horse traders dealing in their own flesh. "I have other alternatives," says Reggie Jackson. "I have a real estate business, a Pontiac dealership, a television contract, and obligations to people who work with me. Life has more to offer than hitting a ball over a fence. Come to me and



YANKEE OWNER STEINBRENNER

let's talk," I say. Let the Baltimore Orioles and Reggie Jackson hammer out something that's amicable to both sides. They must listen to what I have to say. Treat me like a human being. Treat me like a man. But in such a way that it isn't all business. In such a way that I still have some little boy in me, still some rah-rah in me, so I can play my game." That is a tall order for any negotiator.

"When it came to negotiating, what I wanted was someone to go in there and knock heads," says Messersmith. "If an athlete who has been pampered ever since he was a kid is inserted into a heavy business situation, he gets chewed up." Like many other stars, Messersmith negotiates through an agent, Herb Osmond, who enables his client to confine his pitching to the field.

Messersmith is a tough, hustling player and easygoing beach lover who looks a bit like Ryan O'Neal. He was a jock at the University of California in 1964 at the time of the Free Speech Movement there, and he searched out Mario Savio and had a talk with him "to see what the guy had to say." Now Savio is a schoolteacher and Messersmith is the revolutionary who broke the back of baseball's reserve clause.

Andy's freedom flight is a historic saga, one worthy of baseball lore. It began early in the spring of '75. On the strength of an imposing 1974 season (20 wins, 6 losses), he asked for \$150,000. The Dodgers answered that if he did not take \$90,000, they would trade him. The take-it-or-leave-it price was to rise dramatically, however. As last season moved on, Messersmith and the Dodgers got close to agreement on money but not on his demand for a no-trade contract. There was talk that the league had instructed the Dodgers not to grant such a clause because it would set a bad precedent. By midsummer the issue had become a matter of principle for Messersmith. Last September, backed by the Players' Association, he went to arbitration to start his successful test of the

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reserve clause. Unlike the Catfish Hunter case, the Messersmith ruling applies to all players, at least until some new general contract agreement can be worked out. Following the court decision, the Dodgers' best offer escalated to \$600,000 for three years. After rejecting that and assorted other lures, Osmond signed a memorandum with the Yankees that reportedly would have given

him Messersmith \$1 million for four years.

Next, intrigue reigned. Osmond rejected the formal contract based on this memo. Claiming provisions had been changed, he walked out of the Yankees' offices in Tampa and jumped into a cab. The Yankees looked out the window and saw the cab driver was a woman, tracked her down through the cab company and learned Osmond had told her he was fly-

ing to Vero Beach, spring-training home of, gasp, the dreaded Dodgers.

In fact, the Dodgers were out of the picture. Nonetheless, the Yankees felt they were being toyed with and threatened to hold Messersmith to their supposed agreement with Osmond. There were rumors—false, as it turned out—that the Yankees had lied Osmond with strong drink. Messersmith, offend-

TWO FOR THE SHOW



"TERRIBLE TED" TURNER WITH BRAVE AIDES

The youngest owner in the major leagues was watching his team in a pre-season game last month when Atlanta Braves Pitcher Adrian Devine balked with two men on. As the runners casually advanced, R.E. ("Ted") Turner III, 37, jumped to his feet. "Where are those guys going?" he demanded. "The pitcher balked," someone explained. Turner sat down. Then, after a moment of silence, he asked: "What the hell is a balk?"

Andy Messersmith's new employer may have something to learn about baseball, but he is already an expert on winning. After inheriting his father's outdoor billboard agency when he was 24, Turner built it into a million-dollar communications business, with TV stations in Atlanta and Charlotte, N.C. that mainly broadcast syndicated shows, sports events and movies. He also races sailboats well enough to have been named Yachtsman of the Year in 1970 and 1973, and to have skipped *Mariner* in the 1974 America's Cup trials. "I'd rather sink than lose" is his shipboard motto, and crews can attest that "Terrible Ted" means it. But Turner does not look for easy victories. He bought *American Eagle*, a proven failure in two America's Cup trials, refitted her and skipped her to a series of impressive victories in the rugged Southern Ocean Racing Conference in 1970.

What he did with *Eagle*, he will try to do with the Braves, who finished three games out of last place in the National League's Western division last season. Turner bought the team in January for \$10 million, partly, he said, because he was tired of Atlanta being called "Loserville, U.S.A." Now he introduces himself on a local TV commercial as "the frightened new owner of the Atlanta Braves." Dry land athletic competition may be a new game for Turner, but of one thing he is certain: "The principles in sailing and baseball are the same. You go at it to win, and you do so with as much style



WHITE SOX REVOLUTIONARY VEECK

and grace as you can muster." Bill Veeck could not have said it better.

In spirit, at least, baseball's youngest owner is surely not Turner, but Veeck. At 62, Veeck has returned from the baseball purgatory to which he was assigned when he gave up the White Sox in 1961. Prior to that, he owned the Cleveland Indians, the Milwaukee Brewers (when they were a minor league team), the St. Louis Browns, and the hearts of fans. When it comes to promotion—and rocking boats—he is baseball's alltime MVP. American League owners tried hard to keep Veeck locked out of baseball last December by imposing stiff conditions on his offer to purchase the all but bankrupt White Sox for \$10 million. They failed, and already have suffered the consequences. In March, when the owners voted 23 to 1 to lock the spring training camps, the one was Veeck. ("That's the usual tally," he says.) A few days later, he unveiled the new White Sox warm weather uniform—short pants. On opening day, peg-legged Veeck (he lost his leg as a result of a 1943 war wound) choreographed some Bicentennial foolaround and greeted his crowd as the life player in a fetching patriotic ceremony. Marching across the field with him were Business Manager Rudie Schaffer on drum and stern Sox Manager Paul Richards bearing the flag, both as representatives as Veeck in Revolutionary War costumes.

Other owners have been complaining for years about Veeck's undignified approach to the game, while busily adopting his zany promotional stunts. It was he who first dotted the baseball calendar with Bat Days, Ladies Days, Bartender Days, Cab Driver Days, Gourmet Days, and Name's

the Same Days (everyone with the same name as a member of the team gets in for free). He was the first to install an explosive scoreboard, stage milking contests and have mock invasions from outer space. His most memorable stunt was sending a midget to pinch hit for St. Louis wearing the number 1/2 (he walked on four pitches). Veeck's credo: "We are in the entertainment business. The important thing is the relationship between the fan and the game."

Veeck is the ultimate innovator, yet no one is more of a traditionalist. The son of a sportswriter who later ran the Chicago Cubs, he has spent most of his life around ballpark. "Baseball is a game with a long tradition," he says. "A father takes his son or daughter and they in turn take a son or daughter. It is important that tradition not be lost." But long before other owners realized it—and some still do not—Veeck saw that baseball's tradition was meaningless if its fans did not enjoy themselves. The last time Veeck came to Chicago was in 1959, and the White Sox set attendance records and won their first pennant in 40 years. Now he is back, attendance is soaring and... who knows?

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ed by the threat, said he would never sign with the Yankees. The dispute went to the commissioner, but before Kuhn could adjudicate it, the Yankees gave up. "I just said to hell with it," explained Yankee Owner George M. Steinbrenner III, waving the sacred pin stripes. "If he didn't want to play for the Yankees, we didn't have room for him."

Next the San Diego Padres made a \$1,150,000 offer, but Padre Owner Ray Kroc, president of all 18 billion McDonald's hamburgers, sizzled when Messersmith demanded his no-cut, no-trade provision. "Kroc said even the president of McDonald's works one day at a time," reported Messersmith. "He said only God could give a no-cut contract." Kroc's answer: "He can work in a car wash."

In all, six clubs made serious offers for Messersmith. Atlanta's had been halfhearted until the day Osmond got a

letes. I criticize the owners for paying these unjustified, astronomical salaries." Says Yankee Manager Billy Martin, who took a 28% pay cut in 1950 when the Yankees brought him up from the minors: "There will come a day when players like Andy Messersmith won't be in the game. The owners will get together and decide they can't suffer them."

But for now owners are hustling to accommodate the newly powerful stars. After a bitter word battle between the New York Mets management and their suddenly Not-So-Terrific Tom, the contract Seaver has ended up with reportedly pays him \$230,000 for 1976, plus \$5,000 "for each game he would normally start" after he wins his 19th. If he wins fewer than 18, he agrees to take a 10% cut next year—unless injuries or

Owner Jerry Hoffberger returned from Israel. Oriole General Manager Hank Peters, Jackson seemed to feel, lacked a sophisticated enough grasp of extra-baseball business matters to work out the deal. Oh, that an outfielder should judge a g.m. in such a way! Where will it all end?

That depends in part on what kind of reserve clause the players and owners agree to. The players have proposed free agency after six years in the majors. The owners say that would not give them enough return on their investments in the minor-league training of players. (The Yankees claim they spend \$1.4 million a year on their four-team farm system, which develops about three major leaguers annually.) According to Marvin Miller, chief negotiator for the players, "The owners know they've not been spending their player-development money efficiently. There should have



CLAIMS MARVIN MILLER, THE ISSUE IS DIGNITY AS WELL AS MONEY. ADMITS COMMISSIONER KUHN, CHANGES ARE OVERDUE

call from a man named Larry Foster, who said he represented Braves Owner Ted Turner and wanted to deal for Messersmith. In twelve hours Foster and Osmond had agreed on a contract. Foster left, and Turner called Osmond. "I told him everything had been fixed with his representative," says Osmond. "It was then I learned that Foster was not with the club at all. He was just a fan!"

The owner of an Atlanta chimney-and furnace-cleaning firm, Foster indeed was a fan. "He wasn't authorized by Turner to do anything except call me," laughs Osmond, "but he got carried away and made the deal." Turner blithely went along with it. And Ed Barrow turned over in his grave.

Experienced baseball men see ominous ramifications in all this, and with reason. "These newer owners are going to have to get housebroken and learn the bottom line," says Dodger Boss Walter O'Malley. Warns Charlie Finley: "People have only so much money for food, for rent, for entertainment. Athletes are going to price themselves out of the market. I do not criticize the ath-

lack of support from teammates keeps him from winning that many. Exactly how this squares with Major League Rule 3A is yet to be decided by National League President Charles S. ("Chub") Feeney. Seaver could get a high, hard one thrown past him. The rule reads in part, "No contract... shall provide for the giving of a bonus for playing, pitching or batting skill."

Reggie Jackson has for years publicly proclaimed his desire to get away from Oakland and Charlie Finley. But now he contends Oakland is his business capital. On the strength of getting Jackson, bookmakers made Baltimore the 5-2 favorite to win the American League's Eastern Division. In their first five games the punchless Orioles scored only nine runs. Meanwhile, Slugger Jackson was in retreat in Tempe, Ariz., reviewing his life's options with his agent-partner, Garry Walker, and a psychologist, Ron Barnes. Walker hinted at one point that Jackson would not sign until vacationing Oriole

been a pool arrangement a long time ago, a league where the players are supported by major-league baseball, not the individual clubs, and from which they can then be drafted."

Owners also worry that free agents will roam from team to team and fans will cease to identify with athletes. But every year owners themselves shuffle 100 or so of the 600 major leaguers from team to team in trades. Indeed, they rarely hesitate to move whole teams when it suits their fancy or tax returns: witness the Boston-Milwaukee-Atlanta Braves or the Philadelphia-Kansas City-Oakland A's.

Another concern is that the richest teams will corner all the talent. The Yankees have never hesitated to try. They went for Messersmith, yearn for Jackson and came up with a true free-agent plump when they signed Hunter. But Hunter argues against any such monopoly thesis.

"Ballplayers don't want to go with a team that has all the talent," says Hunter. "They wouldn't play every day. They want to go to the team that needs

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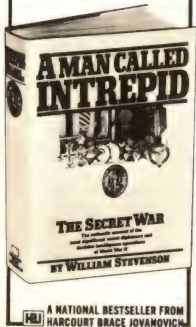
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help. I made it to the bigs much sooner because I signed with Kansas City. And one club couldn't buy all that many stars. There is no way they could afford such a payroll."

Marvin Miller believes that only 15 or so free agents would switch teams in a given year, "the hundreds the owners claim. The superstars won't be the ones who will move. A superstar has far more attachment to his team's city than people realize. He's got a home, a wife, kids, and probably business interests in the city. He doesn't want to move just for a few more bucks. It's the utility player sitting behind a Johnny Bench who wants to move. And the minor-league guy who'd be in the majors if his club weren't so strong at his position. Having the right to become a free agent will be more important than actually using the right. Not just to get more money from your club, but to make management pay more attention to the basic standards of decency and human dignity."

Free agency, in one form or another, is an idea whose time is now. Phillie Pitcher Tug McGraw thinks the hassling among owners and players is a healthy sign. "It's to the benefit of everybody that all this surfaces,"

he says. "We are no longer going to be fooled into thinking that it is just a little boy's game we are playing out there." During his eight years as a Met, says McGraw, "the line had always been that we were a part of this big happy family. We were always the 'sons' of management. Well, that's not the way it was, or is, not at all. Let a problem come up, like the soreness in my back, and the Mets moved quickly to make a good deal for me before word got out that I was hurting. But that's the way it should be. Baseball is primarily a business, and the Mets acted in their best interest. My only objection is, let's quit kidding about it."

But if McGraw is a businessman, he is one after Bill Veeck's heart. It may not be just a boy's game, but last year while the Braves were taking batting practice, McGraw hid out of sight with a hose and periodically sprinkled then-Brave Ralph Garr, who kept staring at the sunny sky in amazement. You often get that kind of thing in baseball. Once before a game in St. Louis, Bob Uecker, then a journeyman catcher, now an ABC announcer, borrowed a tuba from a band that was playing on the field and used it to shag flies. "Everybody loved it," says Uecker. "Except the tuba player."

Innocence and ebullience—these are realities of baseball that transcend contracts and lawsuits. Bill Veeck sits in his Chicago office, looking at the 15-in. file drawer on his desk that contains some 1,500 promotional ideas, pondering which one to spring on his White Sox followers next. It is no wonder he expects more than a million paid



THE GAME WILL ALWAYS LOOK UP TO RUTH
And the ball will always be round.

through his gates this year. Milwaukee Brewer Boss Bud Selig, 41, comes right out and calls baseball show biz. His competition? Not other sports, but "movies, the circus, rock concerts." His market? Youth. A 1975 survey showed that the average age of Brewer fans is 25; the young have discovered that the game is cheap at the gate and fine for a date (\$8 is tops, in Houston; 85¢ is bottom, in Baltimore).

The players are faster, stronger and bushier than ever—New York is a notable exception now that George Steinbrenner has decreed short hair in order to instill "Yankee pride" in his players—but they still fit into the diamond in such a way as to generate the same slow magnetism of yore. Football fans pay up to \$18 a seat for thrills, chills, shocks and jolts. Baseball fans welcome thrills, too; last year's rousing World Series remains a vivid memory. But for their money they just ask for flavor. It won't be easy for the sport to reconcile its players' new clout with the need to keep ticket prices down to a daily digestible level, but then it isn't easy to throw or hit a nice pitch either. Showmen like Bill Veeck and operators like Ted Turner seem to be up to the new challenge, and baseball appears to have the momentum to keep rolling along. Asked what he likes most about the game's format, Tug McGraw ponders for a moment and replies, "The shape of the ball. We must never change the shape of the ball."

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Consider little Clemaria, 7 years old, and her brother, Jose Mario, 3, who are victims of their environment in a teeming city of Brazil. They are hungry. They live in a house made of adobe, without water or light. They use old boxes for furniture, their bedding is rags. The mother suffers from a heart condition and spends most of her time in bed. As you look into Clemaria's eyes, you can see she is tired of life.

Why is it the children suffer the most? Perhaps because there are so many poor and hungry children, they no longer are considered important news. And yet, one-fourth of the world's children are almost always hungry and one-tenth on the brink of death because of too little food (while each day the average American eats 900 more calories than he needs and twice as much protein as his body requires). Since world population increases at a conservative estimate of 250,000 per day and food production lags, it is predictable that more than 10 million children will die of hunger within the next year.

As this text was being written (in February, 1976), Clemaria and her brother were among nearly 20,000 children in the world registered by Christian Children's Fund but awaiting a sponsor to provide food, clothing, housing and medical care. Sponsors will surely be found for these

two youngsters, but what about the other children?

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STOCK & PILLORY IN BOSTON, CA. 1657; NEW YORK DRAFT RIOTS, 1863



1776

The following Bicentennial Essay is the seventh in a series that has been appearing periodically, surveying how America has changed in its 200 years.

On the eve of the Revolutionary War, many colonists—and not only Tories—feared that if rebellion came, “the bands of society would be dissolved, the harmony of the world confounded, and the order of nature subverted.” Crime and lawlessness would surely accompany any challenge to authority, especially one involving a resort to arms.

It did not happen—not, at least, during the war. In retrospect, that is remarkable. In 1776 there were no municipal police forces and almost no prisons. If a person was the victim of a crime, he would have to find and even apprehend the offender himself. There were sheriffs who could and did make arrests, but only on the basis of warrants issued by courts; there was no provision for arrest on “probable cause,” and if a sheriff acted as if there were, he was liable to be sued. Almost everybody was entitled to a trial by jury, but the jury, unlike today’s juries, could settle questions of law as well as ones of fact. It was not unusual in those tumultuous days for a person charged with a crime to face a jury composed of sympathetic friends who were quite prepared to ignore a judge’s instructions and acquit the accused even though the law and the facts were plainly against him.

Mob action was so common and in the eyes of many so legitimate as to constitute, by 1776, a conventional method of political action. The Boston Tea Party was hardly an isolated case; the mob also rioted to keep food from being shipped out of the colony during lean times, to prevent men from being impressed into the British navy, and to halt the collection of unpopular customs duties. The men who made up these mobs were, as likely as not, also the men to be found sitting in New England town meetings and on local juries.

Accordingly, these were not mobs in the modern sense—that is, collections of unrelated roustabouts looking for fun or profit. As University of Massachusetts Historian Pauline Maier has written: “The Boston mob was so domesticated that it refused to riot on Saturday and Sunday nights, which were considered holy by New Englanders.” Indeed, often the “mob” served quite legal ends, as when the hue and cry was set up to apprehend a thief, or when measures had to be taken to deal with public health problems. Small wonder, then, that a member of a mob was rarely convicted for his riotous actions. In the 20th century we have become accustomed to seeing theft and looting accompany mob action, but surprisingly that association did not exist in the 18th century.

Crime not only did not increase during the Revolutionary War, but most of it, at least in New England, continued to involve religious and moral, not acquisitive or violent, offenses. William E. Nelson, analyzing the records of seven populous Massachusetts counties, finds an average of 23 prosecutions for theft each year before 1776 and 24 a year in the five years after 1776, hardly indicative of a crime wave. But there was an average of 72 prosecutions for sexual offenses each year before 1776 and 58 a year from 1779 to 1786, along with about 24 prosecutions a year for religious offenses, like missing church on Sunday.

We have always thought of our colonial forebears as rather puritanical. That there were so many prosecutions on moral and religious charges suggests that this was, indeed, their attitude; that there were so many offenders to be prosecuted suggests that they were not always puritanical in practice. In fact, what appears to be a morals case may have been, in part at least, a budgetary issue. The hundreds of women prosecuted for fornication before 1776 were almost exclusively the mothers of illegitimate children; county officials were eager to prove moral lapses to avoid rendering public assistance to fatherless offspring.

Punishments for criminals in 1776 were in theory quite severe but in practice much less so. In New York 16 crimes were punishable by death, and in Delaware 20. The great majority of convictions, however, resulted in fines or mild forms of corporal punishment—the stocks or the pillory. Banishment from the community in the early colonial period was a serious penalty, for it was by no means clear that a person could survive outside the tiny settlement. Still, severe measures were not unknown. Historian Allan Nevins calculated that in Pennsylvania during the Revolutionary period an average of five felons a year were executed, mostly for robbery or burglary. Because of the public expense, few felons were imprisoned.

Some of the reasons for the relatively low crime rate in the Revolutionary period are obvious. For one thing, cities, the breeding grounds of crime, were quite small. In 1760, Philadelphia, the largest city in the colonies, had a population of only 23,000. Boston had only 16,000 inhabitants, making it equivalent in size to present-day Concord. Furthermore, many of the young men, who inevitably cause a disproportionate amount of mischief, were off fighting with George Washington.

Other reasons are less obvious but perhaps more important. As University of Pennsylvania Historian Michael Zuckerman points out, the colonies before and during the Revolution were made up of isolated communities that used a common method to achieve political consensus, mobilize for collective action, and control crime: the public manipulation of reputations and the creation of a powerful nexus of human interdependence. Majority

PUNISHMENT



1976 BICENTENNIAL ESSAY

ASBURY PARK, N.J., POLICE & RIOTERS, 1970; LOUISIANA PRISON, 1963

opinion not only dominated political decision making, but controlled most public and much private conduct as well. This is why there was such frequent resort to humiliation as a penalty. Stocks, pillory, and tar and feathers were effective because the opinion of one's townsmen was so important. The colonists paid a price for government by communal consensus: there was not much privacy, and what we now regard as liberties of conscience often existed only at the pleasure of public opinion.

Though the Revolutionary period was an era of profound political change, it was not until after the war had ended that America saw the results in new laws and changed behavior. The Revolution was above all a struggle to protect and enhance liberty, and though liberty was at first thought to mean only freedom from Britain, in the end the concept extended to a wide range of human affairs. Some prominent men, like President Timothy Dwight of Yale, feared that the new liberality would mean an end to all morality.

In 1786 Massachusetts "decriminalized" fornication, substituting a fine for criminal indictment; in time even that was rarely collected. The law against missing church on Sunday was not seriously enforced after the 1780s, by the 1790s there were only half as many prosecutions a year for religious offenses as before the Revolution. The freedoms granted the non-established, unofficial churches were enlarged, culminating in the passage of the First Amendment to the Constitution. The importation of slaves was forbidden in every state but Georgia and South Carolina, and the outright abolition of slavery occurred in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. In 1786 the Pennsylvania legislature reduced the number of crimes for which death was the penalty, and in 1794 it limited execution to those convicted of willful homicide.

The liberalization of the law was followed by an increase in crime. (Whether the former helped cause the latter is unknown and probably unknowable.) Nelson found that, while there were only 23 or 24 prosecutions a year for property crime in Massachusetts before and during the Revolutionary War, by 1784 that figure had more than doubled and by 1790 more than tripled. Of course the population was increasing as well, and so the rate at which crimes were being committed may not (no one knows) have gone up as sharply. But indisputably there was more crime and there were more criminals. The effectiveness of communal control by force of public opinion was fading.

Cities were growing rapidly in size: by 1830 the population of New York City was 242,000, of Philadelphia 80,462. Though not yet industrialized, the cities were nonetheless violent. The decades of the 1830s and 1840s were among the most tumultu-

ous in our history. Rioting became commonplace for reasons that were partly economic (depressions that put artisans out of work or immigration that put them in competition with cheaper labor), partly religious (Catholics, Masons and Mormons were attacked and their buildings burned), partly political (the early anti-slavery agitation), and partly sporting (the drunker members of volunteer fire companies enjoyed pitched battles on their way to or from a conflagration). As many as a thousand lives may have been lost to mob action in the decades preceding the Civil War.

The response to these conditions was the creation of new, specialized institutions to deal with what had once been left to spontaneous and communal control. At the time of the Revolution, the "police" were nothing but night watchmen who set up the hue and cry if a fire broke out or a horse died in the street. But big cities began to suffer more noisome problems. By the 1820s one out of every 65 Bostonians was, according to Haverford College Historian Roger Lane, engaged in selling liquor. The dozen "houses of infamous character" that flourished in the West End of Boston were raided in 1823 by a party of citizens led by Mayor Josiah Quincy. In 1837 a riot between volunteer firemen and an Irish funeral procession was so serious that a militia cavalry regiment of 800 horsemen was required to restore order. As a result of these disturbances, a professional police force was created, modeled after the new London police. In 1863 this force, aided by the militia, put down the Boston Draft Riot; during its course, the previously unarmed police had to acquire weapons and, in its aftermath, decided, with legislative approval, to arm themselves on a regular basis.

Though rioting led to the professionalization of the police, ordinary crime occupied their time and liquor control determined their relations with the public. Between 1860 and 1869 there were 70 murders in Boston. Theft, especially pickpocketing and burglary, were common, and there were some spectacular bank robberies. The Civil War produced great riches for some but, until the perfection of the Yale lock in 1865, there was no effective way of protecting such wealth. In 1864 alone, the Boston police reported that nearly a million dollars had been stolen. Professional detectives emerged who would attempt to recover the loot in exchange for a fee, usually about 10% of the proceeds.

This free-enterprise detective service was quite satisfactory to many citizens, but another aspect of police work was quite disagreeable. The state legislature kept trying to control or ban the sale of liquor in rowdy Boston, and the police were instructed to enforce the unpopular laws. As one might expect, there soon developed a pattern of sporadic, selective enforcement accompa-



ESSAY



NEW YORK'S FINEST ON PATROL, 1975, & ON DISPLAY, 1854

nied by charges of corruption and harassment met by countercharges of hypocrisy and stupidity.

Along with the police, the penitentiary was invented. As community control weakened, institutional control increased. But imprisonment was not simply or even primarily an expedient; it was seen as a reform. Gone would be the humiliation of the stocks and pillory, the pain of the whipping post, the agonies of the gallows. In their place would be an institution devoted not simply to confining but also to rehabilitating the offender. In the penitentiary—literally, a place where one repents—the native innocence of man could be restored by the proper combination of solitary reflection and spiritual guidance. The high hopes of the reformers proved, of course, impossibly utopian—probably in theory, certainly in practice. As crime increased, the prisons were soon overcrowded, and thus neither solitude nor guidance was any longer possible. More important, the breakdown of familial and communal controls that had made prisons necessary in the first place ensured that the prisons could not be successful—how does one reform in a year or two a personality that has been deformed by a decade or two of neglect or abuse?

Within a hundred years after the Revolution, the form—and the problems—of crime and law enforcement had been set in ways that have endured to the present. The community had ceased to be self-regulating and had turned over more and more functions once performed by families and neighbors to policemen, wardens, penitentiaries, almshouses and asylums. The police could maintain order—the mob was no longer tolerated—but they could not prevent crime; they could enforce laws, but not unpopular ones; criminals might fear prison, but they were not reformed by it. With immigration approaching flood levels, the normal disputes over the nature of public order and the sources of criminality were intensified by ethnic cleavages and the distaste for “foreigners.” Though evangelical revivals took place from time to time, the police no longer played a large role in enforcing a religious code: in 1884 the Boston police made only 53 arrests for fornication but 16,780 for drunkenness.

In this century crime rates have risen and fallen in response to complex forces we do not well understand. Until the FBI began to keep track of crime in the 1930s, there were not even any national figures to show these changes. The FBI Uniform Crime Reports, though imperfect, reveal some remarkable trends. For example, during the 1930s, reported rates of robbery and burglary declined more or less steadily in spite of (or perhaps because of) adverse economic conditions. In the 1960s the reported rates of these crimes rose despite (or again, perhaps because of) general prosperity.

The crime wave that began in the early 1960s and continues today has been all the more disturbing to citizens because it followed nearly three decades of low or at least stable crime rates. Rising crime during a period of rising prosperity was a profound

shock, particularly following an era of political calm, apparent national unity, and widespread optimism about the strength and virtue of American society. No doubt Americans of the 1830s were equally shocked when the tumult and licentiousness of the Jacksonian era followed on the remembered—and perhaps exaggerated—heroics of the Revolutionary years.

America in the 1960s and 1970s has found it harder to respond to crime than America in the 1830s. Earlier, we dealt with the problem by creating new institutions—the police, the prison, the asylum, corporations, the mass political party, local self-government—through which to control dangerous impulses and channel constructive ones. Today there are virtually no institutions left to invent: crime increases in spite of police, prisons, and public and private government. For a long time, and to our great disadvantage, we clung to the myth that there was a bureaucratic or governmental alternative to familial and communal virtue, that what parents, neighbors, and friends had failed to do, patrolmen, wardens, counselors and psychiatrists could provide. We struggled to maintain the hope that the police and schools could prevent crime and that prisons and treatment programs could rehabilitate criminals.

We were wrong. We are coming to the unhappy realization that the police can rarely prevent crime and can solve at best only a small fraction of offenses. We now know that prisons cannot rehabilitate offenders. Hundreds of experimental studies on the treatment of criminals reach the same conclusion: no matter what form rehabilitation takes—vocational or academic training, individual or group counseling, long or short sentences, probation or parole—it does not work. We must finally concede that it is naive to suppose we can take a convict who has devoted a good part of his life to misbehavior of every sort and transform his character.

We enter our Bicentennial year confused, properly humbled, but not necessarily despondent. The conditions of life in the innermost parts of many of our older cities have become, in Thomas Hobbes' phrase, “solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.” The near collapse of family structure and communal life in these areas has created, for tens of thousands of people, especially young ones, a social catastrophe that the conventional institutions of a free society are, in the short run, powerless to correct. But for different people and at different times, much the same thing happened: in the cities of the 1830s, the 1880s, the 1910s. Those who survived were the strong, the mobile and the lucky.

From the vantage point of 200 years we should have only modest expectations for what our institutions, facing these problems, can accomplish. We will not eliminate the causes of crime, nor will we rehabilitate offenders in any large numbers. But if prisons cannot rehabilitate, at least they can punish and isolate. Society must be able to protect itself from dangerous offenders and impose some costs on criminal acts. Since most serious crime is committed by repeaters, separating them from the rest of the community, even for relatively brief periods, may produce some reductions in crime. Though recent studies suggest that certainty of punishment significantly deters crime, sentencing in our criminal courts is an irrational process that sometimes results in cell mates serving widely disparate terms for the same offense. Uniform standards for sentencing must replace the idiosyncratic discretion of judges. If our judges cannot be wise, at least they can become consistent. Similarly, if detectives cannot solve many crimes, at least patrolmen ought to be properly deployed to catch more offenders. And if citizens cannot remake ravaged communities, at least governments and private programs can assist them in moving up and out of these dismal neighborhoods. For the rest, patience. The American character is still evolving, and in the decades ahead may become many things—even less criminal.

James Q. Wilson, a professor of government at Harvard University, has served on presidential task forces and advised various governmental commissions dealing with crime and disorder and is the author of *Thinking About Crime and Varieties of Police Behavior*.





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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

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Television's bionic twosome, Steve Austin and Jaime Sommers, seemed made for each other—literally. Like Steve, she had been rebuilt with superhuman powers by space-age engineers. Sure enough, when she made some try-out appearances on ABC's *Six Million Dollar Man* last year, Austin's all-seeing artificial eye nearly popped out of his head. Who could blame him? Jaime looked smashing, and as Steve's blood pressure climbed, so did the show's ratings. Explains willowy Lindsay Wagner, who plays Jaime: "Viewers tuned in to see whether passion could flow between two people who were part Timex." So many did so, in fact, that Jaime was spun out of Steve's life for a series of her own.

Hot Entry. By the numbers, at least, this forced separation has been a success. Since *The Bionic Woman* first appeared in mid-January it has become, along with NBC's sitcom *Laverne and Shirley*, the TV season's hottest late entry. Big with the bubble-gum crowd (that also dotes on Lee Majors, it has also drawn a sizable adult audience stuck on Lindsay Wagner's sexy looks. Her show has consistently been among the top 15 in the ratings, although Majors' program often edges it out by a point or two.

Wagner plays a latter-day Wonder Woman who became the world's first bionic woman after she was nearly killed in a skydiving accident; doctors rebuilt her, piece by voluptuous piece, with 80-m.p.h. legs, a right arm that can shatter trees and an ear capable of hearing leaves rustle in the next county. Between classes at a military base in Ojai, Calif., where she is a schoolteacher, she

moonlights as an intelligence agent.

Unlike Steve Austin, who regularly uses his brawn to brain villains, Jaime seldom uses her strength to do more than defensively trip or trick her opponents. ABC also seems to have decided that she can get along without a coherent plot. The typical show seems to be a collection of barely related episodes intended mainly to display Jaime's powers. She stops a rampaging elephant by tugging on its chain; uses her foot to brake an out-of-control car; leaps onto a second-story fire escape to avoid danger.

The *Bionic Woman*'s most impressive feat may have been the deal she wrung out of Universal, the show's producer. Her contract gives her \$500,000 a year for five years, a guarantee of one film role annually and 12 1/2% of the take from sales of Bionic dolls. T-shirts and other spin-offs, which her agent insists could total as much as \$2 million. Only last fall, Wagner, 26, was having trouble at Universal, which decided not to renew a \$50,000-a-year contract she then had with the studio. Although she was considered "promising," her credits included only a few mixed-review films (*Two People*, *The Paper Chase*) and occasional one-shot appearances on TV shows. ABC vetoed her for a TV movie role because she was not well known.

But that was before her tryout on *Six Million Dollar Man*. Following her appearance, ABC received an avalanche of mail on Wagner. Universal approached Ron Samuels, 30, her new manager, about a series of her own. The frenetic, woolly-haired Samuels, then little known in the manager's trade, ticked off Wagner's demands, including the \$500,000-a-year guarantee. Says

Samuels: "When I told them what we wanted, there was absolute silence in the room. They simply couldn't talk." A few days later, Universal accepted the terms.

But the money, Wagner claims, is not important. Says she: "I'm a serious actress, and I'm trying like hell not to become Wonder Woman. I've been so busy I haven't had a chance to spend a dime—not even a new pair of jeans." The daughter of a Portland, Ore., school-portfolio photographer, she looks somewhat like a Pepsi-generation version of Lauren Bacall—Betty's sharp features and curling mouth combined with a tall (5 ft. 8 in.), lean Malibu beach girl's body. She began fashion modeling at 13, then at 18 joined an L.A. rock group as a singer and moved in with one of the musicians. Later she took acting lessons, and in 1971 signed her first contract with Universal. She was married for two years to a record executive, but now lives in an apartment in Benedict Canyon with Actor Michael Brandon.

Wagner manages to play her role with a certain necessary wry humor, sometimes shrugging or smirking at the camera before or after performing one of her preposterous feats. Same goes for her manager. The day after Universal agreed to Wagner's fat contract, he toured the studio, wearing a crash helmet as a gag, and was applauded on several sound stages. One actor who did not cheer was the *Six Million Dollar Man* Majors was piqued because his own contract (since renegotiated) paid him a mere \$300,000, give or take a few Gs, and included no royalties for spin-offs. The \$500,000 woman, he grouched, was "a bionic rip-off."

Fall! Fall! Fall!

In the program it is called the "Giant Gyroting Gyro-Wheel," and that is probably as good a name as any for the contraption. Two or three times a day at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, where the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus has settled in for its spring visit, a British-born performer named Elvin Bale approaches the device, unlimbers its 40-ft. arms and sets both himself and the great wheel into motion. Thus begins what Ringling Impresario Irvin Feld says is "one of the most fantastic thrill acts the show has ever had."

For once, circus hyperbole comes close to fact. At one end of the Gyro-Wheel's arms is a heavy counterweight,

at the other is a circular wire-mesh cage 8 ft. in diameter. Bale and his wife Jeanette give the cage a mighty push. As it begins to turn, Bale hops inside, then makes like a hamster in an exercise wheel. As the cage rises, he runs up the inside to help maintain speed. When it reaches the top, Bale backpedals frantically to slow the whooshing descent, reversing again at the bottom to propel himself around the loop once more.

So far, so good. Cardiac-arrest time—the moment when some kids in the audience begin to chant "Fall! Fall! Fall!"—comes when Bale climbs outside the cage and does the whole heart-stopping routine standing on top, with nothing between him and a nasty tumble but an exquisite sense of balance. As the cage dives earthward from the peak of its arc some 45 ft. in the air, he is in danger of being tossed by centrifugal force into the cheap seats. Bale often loses balance on the downswing and has to hang on for dear life.

Bale's Gyro-Wheel act is not his only scary turn. At another point in the show, he dives headfirst off a swinging trapeze bar and then catches himself, at the last moment, by his heels. That stunt gives even Bale bad dreams. "The heel is the last point of your body," he says. "You can't catch yourself if you fall. Sometimes I wake up at night dreaming I have just missed the bar." On these occasions, adds Jeanette, "he almost knocks

me out of bed, grabbing at things."

Bale, 30, is a fourth-generation circus performer: his great-grandfather was a juggler, grandpa had a bicycle act, and Dad Trevor Bale is an animal trainer. These comparatively tame pursuits never interested Elvin. Even as a child, says his father, "he was always hanging off things." He was—and is—also always dreaming up new things to hang from: the Gyro-Wheel was inspired by a double Ferris wheel he saw in a carnival and the cage toy his son has for his pet hamster. As for his safety, Bale eschews nets but never forgets a cardinal rule: "If you start taking things for granted, you get hurt. It's dangerous not to maintain an edge of fear."

Select Company. Bale, who lives off-season in Florida, occasionally talks of retiring to run a delicatessen or restaurant in some down-to-earth spot. What keeps him from doing so is not his \$50,000 to \$60,000 salary but the fact that, as he puts it, "there is always competition in the circus, and we all know the best act will be in the center. This is what makes the circus great." That and its traditions. Bale wants to join the select company of such immortal performers in the big top world as the flying Wallendas, Aerialist Alfredo Codona and Unus, the man who could balance on his index finger. Circus buffs believe that Bale could start lifting pastrami tomorrow and his reputation would be secure.

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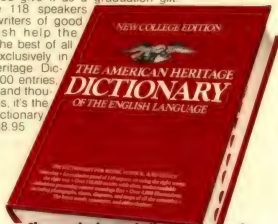
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Married. Carl Bernstein, 31, one half of the Washington *Post's* prizewinning Watergate-reporting team and co-author (with Bob Woodward) of the bestselling *The Final Days*; and Nora Ephron, 34, witty feminist editor (*Esquire*) and author (*Crazy Salad*); both for the second time, in Manhattan.

Married. Doris Day, 52, freckle-faced band singer of the 1940s turned virgin queen of cinema in the '50s and '60s; and Barry D. Comden, 41, sometime restaurant manager; she for the fourth time, he for the second; in Carmel, Calif.

Married. Wayne L. Hays, 64, terrible-tempered 14-term Congressman from Ohio and chairman of the House Administration Committee; and Patricia Peak, thirtyish, Hays' longtime personal secretary; he for the second time, she for the first; in Arlington, Va.

Died. Lieut. General David Elazar, 50, Chief of Israeli troops during the 1973 October War, who resigned after he was officially blamed for wrongly assessing Arab intentions; of a heart attack; near Tel Aviv.

Died. Myra K. Wolfgang, 61, outspoken union leader who two years ago helped organize the 3,200-member nationwide Coalition of Labor Union Women; of cancer; in Detroit. As vice president of the 500,000-member Hotel and Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International, she testified against the Equal Rights Amendment. "I am afraid of equality of mistreatment," she told a Senate subcommittee.

Died. Paul Ford, 74, horse-faced character actor who played Colonel Hall, the butt of Phil Silvers' Sergeant Bilko on TV; after a brief illness; in Mineola, N.Y. At 37, Ford decided to become an actor, scored best on Broadway as the incredulous colonel in *The Teahouse of the August Moon* (1953) and as the dismay-ridden father-to-be in *Never Too Late* (1962).

Died. Gerald L.K. Smith, 78, self-styled rabble-rouser and proudly bigoted founder of the extreme right-wing Christian Nationalist Crusade; of pneumonia, in Glendale, Calif. A fundamentalist preacher, Smith left his pulpit to work for Louisiana Governor Huey Long, crossing the country to set up Share-Our-Wealth Clubs. After Long's death in 1935, Smith turned far right. In his virulent magazine *The Cross and The Flag*, he heaped invective on Jews, blacks, Catholics, Communists and labor unions, and campaigned to drive "Franklin D. Jewsevelt" out of the White House.



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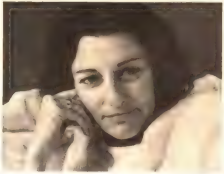
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(CLOCKWISE, FROM ABOVE) POETS JOHN ASHBERRY, RICHARD HUGO, JAMES MERRILL, RICHARD HOWARD & ANNE SEXTON



American Poetry: School's Out

Poetry editors are drowning in a sea of manuscripts. It is not unusual for the most obscure journals and quarterlies to be inundated with 3,000 poems a month. Nearly 400 books of poetry are published in the U.S. each year. *Antaeus* Editor (and poet) Daniel Halpern optimistically calls this a "blossoming of talent," but there is a darker side to the phenomenon. Poet Louis Simpson voices a common refrain when he complains that "there are few readers of poetry of any kind." Statistics bear him out. Poetry is a prestigious loss-leader on publishers' lists. The book of verse that sells more than 2,000 copies is a bona fide success.

Evidently, many people now find poetry easier to write than to read. The demolitions of old poetic constraints—influenced by such elitists as T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound—have allowed just about any flyspecked page to masquerade as divine afflatus. "Poetry," Pound insisted, "must be as well written as prose," but he did not reckon on the grunts, snorts and limping non sequiturs that his epigones would later commit to paper under the banner of the new.

During the '50s and '60s, several loose "schools" of poetry provided some fixed points in a chaos of experimentation. A poet of the New York School, for example, was inclined to adopt his methods and aims from the French sur-

realists and Dadaists, while the Beats on the West Coast looked to the dharma and karma of the East for their inspiration. Today the schools have let out, and contemporary poetry has become a babel of idiosyncrasies.

Within that choir of voices there are genuine talents, poets whose recognition is justifiably earned. Five of them have works current and available

DIVINE COMEDIES

by JAMES MERRILL

136 pages, Atheneum, \$8.95.

The centerpiece of this new volume by a former National Book Award winner and recipient of the Bollingen Prize in Poetry is *The Book of Ephraim*, a 90-page narrative poem. Merrill, 50, sets up a premise that gives him the latitude of Dante and the eternity of Scheherazade. He claims that in 1955 he and a companion made contact—via a Ouija board—with the spirit of Ephraim, a Greek Jew born in A.D. 8 who was also, in a second incarnation, a favorite of the Emperor Tiberius. As a cup moves among the capital letters on the board, Ephraim is resuscitated as a chatty, crotchety witness to history and to two decades of the poet's life.

Through this aperture into the occult, the reader views a tapestry as large and ornate as any to be found in recent

poetry. Merrill's allusions are often rec-
ondite. But his loving attention to bril-
liant surfaces outdazzles difficulties. *The
Book of Ephraim* crackles with wit:

*Oh god, these days
Thermometer at 90. July haze
Heavy with infamy from
Washington
Impeachment ripens round the
furrowed stone
Face of a story-teller who has
given
Fiction a bad name (I at least
thank heaven
For my executive privilege
vis-à-vis
Transcripts of certain private
hours with E).*

The spirit Ephraim brings his pupils good news about the cosmic dance of souls, though he warns that if the world is destroyed, heaven would vanish. The same Keatsian reverence for earthly pleasures pervades Merrill's

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BOOKS

poem. Words are to be cherished because they open magic casements.

*Hadn't—from books, from
living—
The profusion dawned on us, of
"languages."
Any one of which, to who could
read it,
Lit up the system it conceived?
—bird-flight,
Hallucinogen, chorale and
horoscope
Each its own world, hypnotic,
many-sided
Facet of the universal gem*

In all its diversities of tone and mood, *The Book of Ephraim* refracts that gem. It is a tour de force and a major accomplishment.

SELF-PORTRAIT IN A CONVEX MIRROR

by JOHN ASHBERY
83 pages. Viking, \$5.95.

Even Ashbery's staunchest defenders admit that his work is difficult. A noted art critic as well as poet, Ashbery, 50, manipulates words as if they were daubs of paint, interesting not for their meaning but for their coloration.

*Small waves strike
The dark stones. The white reads
The letter. There is nothing
irreversible
Points to the last silabants
Of invading beef and calico*

This is the gaudy tightrope mode of Wallace Stevens, and few poets since Stevens have been able to escape the pit of arrant gibberish that yawns below. In his eighth volume, Ashbery once again proves that he can. What is striking in his poems is not the absence of simple semantic logic but the implication of a rationality that lies just out of reach. Ashbery makes clear his impatience with simple verisimilitude in art.

*Aping naturalness may be the
first step
Toward achieving an inner calm.
But it is the first step only, and
often
Remains a frozen gesture of
welcome etched
On the air materializing behind
it.
A convention. And we have really
No time for these, except to use
them
For kindling*

Ashbery's poems do not evade the real; they deny it the power to prevent other realities from being conceived.

FELLOW FEELINGS

by RICHARD HOWARD
77 pages. Atheneum, \$4.95 paperback.

Howard, 47, is a prolific translator and critic of poetry, as well as an indefatigable champion of younger poets. His five previous books of original po-

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3rd	WDAI	WDAI	WDHF	WDHF	WDAI
4th	WVON	WDHF	WDAI	WDAI	WCFL
5th	WBBM -FM	WBBM -FM	WVON	WVON	WVON
6th	WDHF	WVON	WBBM -FM	WFYR	WBBM -FM

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BOOKS

ems were longer on crutition than passion. The same dry, academic rustle is audible at times in *Fellow Feelings*, but a number of poems seem lived rather than researched. An elegy to W.H. Auden begins with an epigrammatic snap that the late master might have enjoyed.

What do we share with the past?

*Assurance we are unique,
even in shipwreck. The dead
take away the world they made
certain was theirs—they die
knowing we never can have it.*

*As each of us knows, for even
a nap is enough to confirm
suspicion that when we are not
on the scene, nothing else is.
Call it the comfort of dying.
You can take it all with you.*

In "Venetian Interior, 1889," Howard draws an odd, comic tableau: Robert Browning's ne'er-do-well artist son Pen, a nude model, Pen's wealthy, exploited wife and the old poet himself, "a short and foreshortened colossus with feet of clay—but the hardest imaginable cranium." The scene shifts to the subsequent deaths of all the actors. His mind on modern Venice, Howard muses on his vignette and its bearing on the parade of death that is history.

*We realize our task.
It is no print earth so deep in
memory
that a meaning reaches the
surface. Nothing but
darkness abides, darkness
demanding not
illumination—not from the likes
of us
but only that we yield. And we
yield.*

WHAT THOU LOVEST WELL, REMAINS AMERICAN

by RICHARD HUGO
71 pages. Norton. \$6.95.

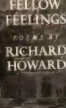
Those who think they dislike poetry might test their conviction on this fifth collection by Richard Hugo. 52 Hugo's poems are accessible without being simple. His subject is the American Midwest and Far West, vast tracts of thinly peopled space, and times when "Poverty was real, wallee and spirit and each day slow as church." His constant theme is dispossession, owners forced from their homes, young people

Self-Portrait in a
Convex Mirror



poems by
John Ashbery

FELLOW
FEELINGS



POEMS BY
RICHARD
HOWARD



fleeing the drudgery of domesticity, never escaping the full ache of loss.

*Here, the stores are balanced
on the edge of failure and they
never fail. Minimal
profits seem enough to go on one
more day
and stores that failed were
failures in the '30s.
The failure failed from the
beginning. The pioneer
who named it for himself died
wondering what's wrong
with the location.*

When he abandons this subject and laconic tone, Hugo seems lost. The last part of his book is padded with some satirical and arty pieces that are plainly inept. But his portraits of loners and down-and-outers have a fresh and memorable sting.

*He was crude as a loon on land
His tongue
drove girls away and he sat in
taverns hours
and the fat piled up. Women and
children
mocked him when he waddled
home. Alone
in his rented room he made
friends
with the wall and chair. He drafted
Time
to hear a voice and when the voice
said 4 was
he said: no, that couldn't be the
time.*

I.A. Robinson and Robert Frost mined this native lode. Hugo shows there is still plenty of ore left.

45 MERCY STREET
by ANNE SEXTON
Edited by LINDA GRAY SEXTON
114 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.95
hardcover; \$3.95 paperback.

At the time of her suicide in October 1974, Anne Sexton left this partially unreviewed collection and another binder full of new poems. As arranged by her daughter, 45 Mercy Street traces the harrowing path of the last three

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BOOKS

years of the poet's life. Yet the fact that she suffered torments is not what makes her poems compelling: her powers as a poet pull the reader onward and downward, increasingly aware of the ferocity of her narrow, demonic vision.

Like Sylvia Plath, whose suicide preceded hers by eleven years, Sexton was a major force among the "confessional" poets who appeared in the early '60s. A cycle of 17 poems in *45 Mercy Street* follows the process of her divorce in 1973.

*Skull,
museum object,
I could squash you like a rotten
melon,
but I would rather—no, I need
to hold you gently like a puppy.
to give you milk and berries for
your dear mouth.
husband, husband.*

During her last year, the poet told a friend that the leaves were calling to her, telling her to die and join them. The conclusion of "Leaves That Talk" rings with a vernal premonition:

*The leaves lie in green mounds
like fake green snow luts
And from the window as I peer
out,
I see they have left their cages
forever—
those wiry, spidery branches—
for me to people
someday soon when I turn green
and faithless to the summer*

At 45, Sexton felt that her poetic skills were failing. Contrary evidence is sprinkled throughout this posthumous collection.

Such work is no guarantee of a renaissance. Poets and readers may continue to drift apart; the art may yet degenerate totally into self-therapy. Fame is now reserved for poets who do something else—like writing bestselling novels (Erica Jong, James Dickey). There is no serious living writer whom the reading public gets by heart the way it once learned Frost and Auden. That echo in the brain now comes from rock lyrics and TV jingles. But set against all the reasons for pessimism are the voices, this spring, of these five poets. They show that it is still possible to discover the private, contemplative rewards that finely wrought language can give: the sudden illumination, the eerie sense that the phrase "in other words" has been robbed of meaning.

Paul Gray

ANNE
SEXTON
45
MERCY
STREET
Edited by
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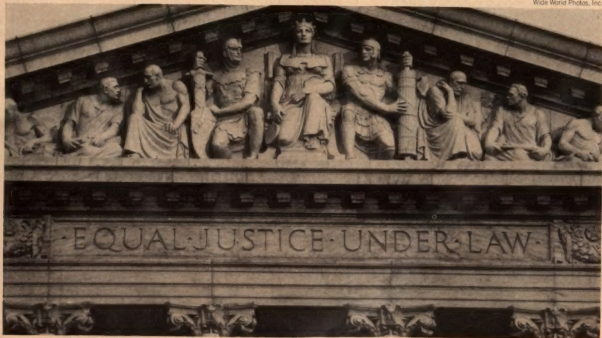
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The Weekly Newsmagazine

Women Truckers

Adriese ("Bitsy") Gomez, 33, is a "gear-jamming gal with white-line fever." A woman truck driver from Los Angeles, she is also a pain in the axle to a traditionally macho industry. Her fledgling 150-member Coalition of Women Truck Drivers, an offshoot of the L.A. chapter of the National Organization for Women, already has organization cells in Dallas, Atlanta and central California. Two weeks ago, Gomez won a \$6,000 Fair Employment

JIM COLLINS



TRUCKER GOMEZ WIELDING A PUSH ROD
White-line fever and a macho world.

Practices Commission settlement from a California winery on the ground that she had been turned down for a trucking job simply because she was a woman.

Bitsy is out to change the industry's traditional attitude toward female truckers. Some docking areas still have MEN ONLY signs, and many truck stops routinely refuse to let women truckers use the showers. Worse, says Gomez: "When you lose your job to some 18-year-old punk boy after ten years, it makes you real mad."

Bitsy has another major gripe. Women truckers, she says, often have to pass a "sleeper test"—having sex with a foreman or male driver—to get a job.

"I've had trucking foremen tell me not to frustrate the other driver or they'll get someone else to do the job as required," she says. Archie Marietta, president of Teamsters Local 208 in Los Angeles, says that he has never heard of the sleeper test. "But if Bitsy is a good-looking woman," he says, "I wouldn't be surprised if some drivers didn't try to use it." To lessen chances for sexual harassment on the road, the coalition is demanding separate rooms for male and female drivers on overnight stops, and relay driving (with just one driver on each stretch of the run). The coalition's other demands: on-the-job training for women; no special tests for drivers already licensed in their categories by the state (women truckers charge that the tests are used to weed out female applicants) and adjustable seats and pedals so women cannot be disqualified for being too small to drive a large truck.

Playing Hooky. The industry's major complaint about women is that they are too weak, though few women truckers can be described as frail. Says Roger Kennedy, terminal manager for a grocery wholesaler: "We've been reluctant to hire women because the job involves unloading heavy cases at Ma and Pa grocers. But Bitsy has sure got our attention, and if we find a qualified woman, we'll be glad to hire her."

Gomez admits that she is a near fanatic about trucking. As a girl in Chicago, she played hooky from school to watch trucks unload, and at drive-in movies she usually watched the freeways instead of the films. The mother of three, she is separated from her husband, and driving is the most important thing in her life. "A good truck is to a woman what a man ought to be," she says, "big and strong and takes you where you want to go. When a woman gets into a semi, it makes up for all the crap women take in our society."

Secret Love

More than 20,000 couples will do something furtive in California this year—they will marry. State law allows confidential marriages with a minimum of fuss: no marriage license, no blood test, no three-day waiting period and, best of all, no public record that the marriage ever took place.

The century-old statute was intended to allow common-law couples to legitimize their marriages quietly and without embarrassment. Now growing numbers of couples are using the law to avoid red tape and keep word of the marriages from parents and friends. In 1972, only 532 such weddings were performed in Los Angeles County and adjacent Orange County. Last year it was 12,212.

"It's one of the greatest laws," says

Edie Steinmetz, owner of the Doves of Happiness Wedding Chapel in Inglewood, a leader in the state's \$700,000-a-year secret-marriage industry. "It allows a lot of people to get married who otherwise would not be able to"—including the already married.

Couples fill in a confidential marriage form, which is filed with the county clerk and is then unavailable for inspection by anyone. That makes it easy for applicants intent on bigamy. Says William St. John, Orange County clerk: "There is nothing on the form that requires a couple to say how long they have been living together, if they had a previous marriage or divorce, and if the divorce is finalized."

Dr. A.W. Morey, owner of the Lafayette Wedding Chapel in Long Beach, shrugs off the bigamy problem and insists: "This is a very moral enterprise. We're trying to get the largest number of people living together to come in and get married legally." Chapel owners are legally authorized to preside at weddings as long as they have some sort of ministerial certificate, which in California is almost as easy to get as a secret wedding. Last year Dr. Morey, who says he is a minister, got 1,500 couples to come in and marry, at \$20 per ceremony.

Blood Test. Since the confidential weddings do not require proof of a blood test, some state officials are concerned about increases in the incidence of venereal disease and rubella during pregnancies. State Assemblyman Robert Burke of Huntington Beach introduced a bill last spring that would require a blood test and a three-day waiting period for all marriages, but the wedding chapels lobbied hard against the bill and killed it in committee. "Some of our customers may be frightened to death of needles," explains Steinmetz. Then, too, the tests would add to the cost of secret weddings, which usually run from \$20 to \$50 for a simple ceremony. Chapel operators also feared that a three-day wait would send customers scurrying for quickie Las Vegas weddings.

Meanwhile, business is growing, partly because the chapels try so hard to please. Steinmetz has a stable of ministers who carry paging devices so that he can keep them in for quickie weddings. Some chapels will perform the ceremony wherever the customers want it—on mountaintops or beaches, in stables or even on rubber rafts. One couple told Steinmetz's husband Joe, who helps operate the Doves of Happiness, that they wanted to be married in the nude. "I asked them if they also wanted the pastor nude," he says. "They said they had to discuss it. So far I haven't heard from them but I guess we could do it." He promptly beeped for the pastor, who called in and gamely said that he too was willing to perform in the buff.

"The trick of Desert Sailing on the Baja's snow-white sands is not to end up black and blue"

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